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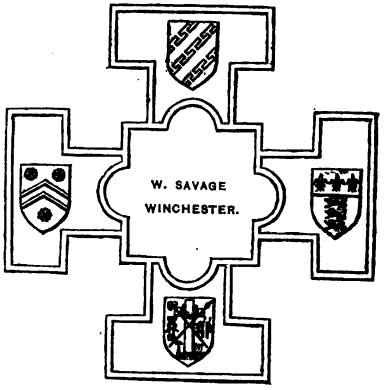
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BY

WILLIAM SAVAGE.

Eighth Edition.

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AND

Reminiscences of Winchester:

A SERIES OF POEMS BY CHRISTOPHER WOOD.

WINCHESTER:

Published by William Savage, 97, The High Street.

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ANTIQUITIES

OF THE

City of Winchester.

"WHO suffereth not low care still to enfold
His thought in narrow circle of to-day,
But liveth to all time, will love to stray,
Winton, among thy stately piles of old,
And read the tale, in moving language told
By Druid and by Roman stone, and grey
Monument of the Saxon's nobler sway,
How fraught with wondrous change for thee hath rolled
The stream of ages. Every step will turn
A leaf of the great volume, and impart
Much that his eager soul will joy to learn
Of thine and England's fate. Each noble heart
And mind, whose life was thine, still speaks through thee
To kindred spirits of all time to be."

CHRISTOPHER WOOD.

WITHOUT having recourse to romantic legends or traditionary songs, it is a sufficient commendation of our City that its history extends beyond the reach of every certain and authentic record. In no place, perhaps, has the "genius Loci" of monastic life more firmly maintained its habitation than in the Saxon metropolis of England. It is impossible to visit it, in spite of the unsparing violence of the Reformation, without feeling that you are still in the visionary presence of abbots and priors, with all their collegiate brotherhoods. It looks the undoubted abode of monastic communities; the stillness of the cell is felt, and hangs about every quarter of it; its High Street is solemnized by a Holy Cross of lofty and venerable architecture; you tread upon the foundations and fragments of ancient buildings in every field and garden of the City; the narrowness and obscurity of many of the streets give an impression not unlike the vague notion we

have of the solitary dimness of cloistral residence. The low valley in which the City is placed, its rich meadows and glassy streams of delicious water, speak of ecclesiastical abundance and enjoyment; and the very trout, everywhere poised motionless in the river, or shooting their way through the green weed, seem to have a reference to Catholic days and the peculiar food which the religious discipline required. And first, as the origin of all her greatness and her power, we will proceed to review her yet beautiful Cathedral.

NOTE.—It is desirable that visitors proceed in the track marked out in the following pages, or valuable time will be lost in reference, the chain of ideas be severed, and, as a consequence, much pleasure sacrificed.

The Cathedral.

"OLD temple with the massive Norman tower,
Not one, but many centuries upreared
Thy frame of majesty and power, wherein
Who list may read thy changeful destiny,
With the strange tale of human crime and virtue
Adversity and glory year by year."—C.W.

THIS, the most venerable and interesting monument of antiquity in the Island, was first built by our British Prince, Lucius, A.D. 176, the first royal personage professing Christianity. Milner supposes it to have been erected in the style of Grecian architecture, though Rudborne, its ancient historian, pronounces it to have borne the form of a cross, as at the present day. The Church, when finished, was dedicated in honour of the Holy Saviour by the British Apostles, Fugatius and Duvianus, sent hither from Rome by its benefactor, Pope Eleutherius, who also ordained Dinotus a prelate of this See.

For poem, *The Cathedral*, see end.

Towards the conclusion of the third century it was levelled with the ground, and most of its clergy were martyred by Diocletian. On the accession of Constantius Chlorus, A.D. 313, the Cathedral was a second time rebuilt by the contributions of private Christians, and consecrated by Constans, Bishop of Venta (the ancient name of the city), in honour of St. Amphiballus.

When this city fell under the power of our Pagan ancestors, the West Saxons, all its clergy, together with its lay inhabitants, were swept away in one promiscuous slaughter. But, instead of destroying, the victorious Cerdic repaired the Cathedral, and turned it into a temple of his native gods, wherein he was solemnly crowned king of the West Saxons, A.D. 516.

The ancient Cathedral continued to stand when Kinegils was converted, and might have been consecrated to the worship of the true God. The royal convert, however, inflamed with religious zeal, determined upon its re-erection; but before he executed this design, having taken down the former fabric, and collected an immense quantity of materials, he died. Yet the building, after the interruption of a few years, was completed by his son Kenewalch, and consecrated by St. Birinus to the Holy Trinity, and the Holy Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, A.D. 635.

This structure remained unimpaired until the first conquest of the island by the Danes. After the death of St. Swithun, its clergy were a third time massacred, and the building much damaged. St. Ethelwold, the famous Saxon architect, however, soon afterwards rebuilt it from the ground, and enriched it with subterraneous crypts, introducing at the same time a stream of water into the monastery, and other streams into different parts of the city.* On the completion of this great undertaking, the new structure was re-consecrated, A.D. 980, in the presence of the king Etheldred, St. Dunstan, and eight other bishops, to St. Peter and St. Paul; but the body of St. Swithun having been a little before transferred from the churchyard into the Church itself, in which a sumptuous shrine had been prepared by king Edgar for its reception, that Saint's name was added to the former patrons of the Cathedral.

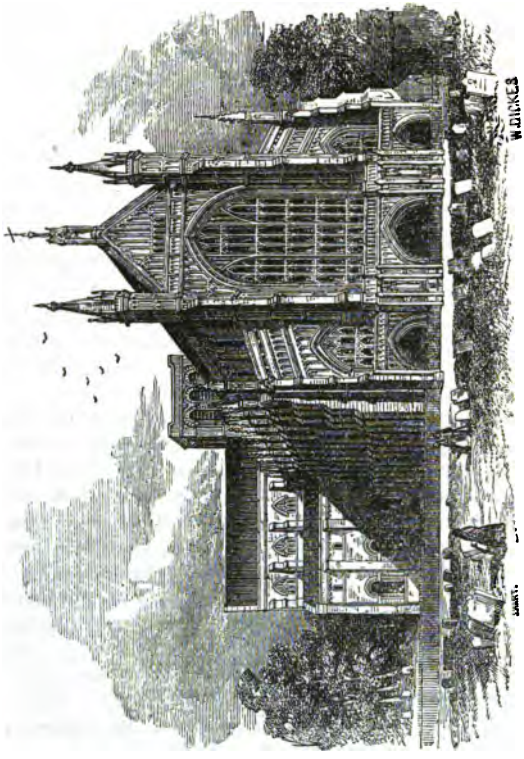
We cannot suppose that a church built by so able an architect as St. Ethelwold could want rebuilding in less than a century,

* "He built all these dwelling places with strong walls. He covered them with roofs, and clothed them with beauty. He brought hither sweet floods of water abounding with fish; the runnings off of the pond penetrated all the recesses of the buildings, and gently murmuring cleanse the whole cœnobium.

"He repaired the courts of that old temple with lofty walls and new roofs; and strengthened it on the north sides with solid aisles and various arches.

"He added also many chapels, with sacred altars, that distract attention from the threshold of the church, so that a stranger walking in the courts is at a loss where to turn, seeing on all sides doors open to him without any certain path. He stands with wondering eyes, fascinated with the fine roofs of the intricate structure, until some experienced guide conducts him to the portals of the farthest vestibule."—WOLSTAN, *Colemporary of Ethelwold.*

when Bishop Walkelin actually undertook this great work. It is true it had again fallen under the power of the Danes, but, as the City had yielded without resistance, it seems to have been exempt from any signal devastation; at all events, whatever damage the impious Swayne might have committed, his religious



WEST FRONT VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL.

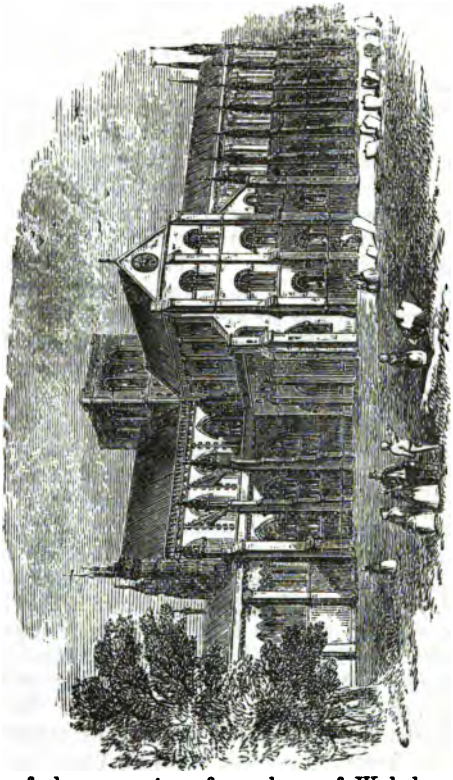
son, Canute, amply repaired. But Walkelin, whose mind was not less noble and vast than that of his relation, the Conqueror, took pains that the Cathedral of Winchester should not be inferior to those which several of his countrymen were at the same time erecting in other Sees. Besides the Church, this prelate undertook to rebuild the extensive and numerous offices of the adjoining

monastery, and completed the whole entirely at his own expense, whereby his name claims pre-eminence among all the founders and benefactors of this Cathedral, and will remain, like his works, immortalized as long as there is an episcopal See in this City. The whole of this great work was completed within fourteen years, and on the 8th April, 1093, the monks went in triumph from their old to their new monastery. The shrine of St. Swithun was carried in procession, on the day of his festival, the 15th July, from the old high altar to the new one.

Of the many works remaining of this Norman prelate, the most conspicuous is the square massive tower, 140 feet high, and 50 feet wide, to all appearance in as firm a state as when built 700 years ago. This tower was evidently intended to serve as a lanthorn to the choir, as well as to give an idea of height when viewed from the inside, the Normans much affecting height and length in their sacred edifices; the highly-finished workmanship both above and below the ceiling clearly proving this to be the case. The two transepts are also the work of Walkelin, though many alterations have since been made in them, but chiefly in the windows, which have been varied at different periods, according to the style or fashion at each time prevailing.

The eminent prelate Godfrey de Lucy next signalised himself in repairing the Cathedral; the Saxon works, which Walkelin had left remaining, being in a state of decay, with the small tower over it; he accordingly rebuilt them in the architecture of the times, for which purpose he formed a confraternity of workmen, with whom he entered into terms for rebuilding the whole east end of the church, with the Lady Chapel, within five years, dating from 1202, but, dying in the meantime, was buried in the centre of his own work, which, though less lofty, was far more ornamental and beautiful than the main body of the church, whose plain walls, huge unadorned pillars, and naked timbers in the roof, appeared more poor and contemptible from the contrast. But when, by degrees, Gothic architecture had attained its maturity, in the middle of the fourteenth century, it was not fitting that the Cathedral of this opulent and dignified bishopric should remain destitute of the admired and appropriate improvements of this style. Not that Walkelin's work had, in 300 years, fallen to decay, since the transepts, which have stood 400 years longer, are still the firmest part of the whole fabric. This great work was begun by William of Edington, Treasurer and Chancellor to Edward III. He had

actually begun and undertaken to finish the re-building of the great nave, though he lived to execute a part only, namely, the west front, with the two windows on the north, and the first on the south of the nave, with their corresponding buttresses; these buttresses, with the one on the west end, may be distinguished in



NORTH-EAST VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL.

our plate of the west view, from those of Wykeham's by the greater number of breaks; those of Wykeham's having three, and Edington's four. It is also to be clearly traced in the different colours of the stone, and in a new set off, a little above the two windows on the north, where the work of Edington ended, and that of Wykeham began. This great prelate, Wykeham, did not,

as is supposed by Bishop Lowthe, take down the whole of Walkelin's work, but preserved as much of the Norman building as he found he could fashion into a Gothic form, which is a sufficient apology for the undue massiveness of the columns, arising from the necessity of casing the ancient round pillars with Gothic clusters.

The west end of the Cathedral was now complete in its kind; but the eastern part of it, from the tower to the low aisles of De Lucy, was far from being comformable to the rest; Walkelin's work having been repaired and decorated at subsequent periods, when Fox undertook to rebuild it with all the elegance which Gothic architecture had by this time acquired. We are struck with the beauty and magnificence of this prelate's work, for, both on the inside and outside of the church, we behold the most exquisite art employed to execute the most noble and elegant designs. We admire, in particular, the vast, but well-proportioned windows which surround this part; the bold and airyflying buttresses, that, stretching over the aisles, support the upper walls; the rich, open battlement which surmounts these walls, and the elegant sweep that contracts them to the size of the great eastern window; the two gorgeous canopies which crown the extreme turrets; and the profusion of elegant carved work that covers the whole east front, tapering up to a point, where is to be seen the statue of the Founder, resting on his chosen emblem, the pelican. Neglected as this work has been during 360 years, we assert, if the whole of the Cathedral had been finished in the style of this portion of it, it would have excelled every Gothic structure in the whole Island, and probably in all Europe.

All that remains to be noticed on the outside of this venerable pile is the addition of about twenty-six feet to the Lady Chapel at the eastern extremity; the work of Priors Hunton and Silkestede, Fox's friends, as appears by the devices and rebusses, which it exhibits. The windows and other works in this part are no less rich than those of Fox, though the windows are too much crowded with mullions.

From this brief survey of the Cathedral, it may be seen that its great defect is a want of uniformity, the consequence of its having been above four centuries in building, viz., from the Conquest to the Reformation. But this disadvantage is compensated by the opportunity afforded of studying the various styles of architecture which succeeded each other during that period. We discover, in this

single pile, the rise, progress, and perfection of the pointed Gothic style; every stage of that interesting species of building, and every ornament made use of in it, may be traced in some part or other of Winchester Cathedral.

We enter the Cathedral by the great porch, the work of Edington, which has recently been restored by the Architect, J. Colson, Esq. It now only awaits the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul in the empty niches, and the restoration of the stained glass in the large window, to present to the beholder the beauty which it possessed when fresh from the hands of its early builder.

Interior of the Cathedral.

ON entering the awful pile, the eye shoots through the long-drawn nave to the eastern window, glowing with the richest colouring, as it soars up the lofty vault fretted with infinite tracery; and as it wanders below amidst the various solemn objects, the mind of the most insensible will feel arrested with a certain awe—with mingled sensations of the sublime and beautiful. When these first pleasing emotions have subsided, we proceed, and break to

"Separate contemplation the great whole."

On surveying the south side of the Church we see on the fascia, below the open gallery, the arms of Cardinal Beaufort and his father, with their devices, the white hart chained, &c., the lily of Waynflete, also intermingled with the arms and busts of Wykeham; which proves the ornamental portion to have been finished at a much later period than is generally supposed. The first object that commands our attention is, the tomb and chantry of Wykeham; its situation is prejudicial to the symmetry of the fabric, but the Founder was determined in his choice of this spot, from being accustomed, when a student, to attend the early mass, celebrated by one Pekis, at an altar dedicated to God, under the patronage of the blessed Virgin Mary, in that very spot of the ancient cathedral. The design and execution of the work is, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of the time, being such as the taste of Wykeham relished, and within which the marble figure of this

great man lies over his mortal remains. The head rests on a pillow supported by two angels, and at the feet are three religious men in the attitude of prayer.



WYKEHAM'S TOMB.

Notwithstanding the veneration in which this friend of his country, of literature, and of Winchester, has ever been held, yet his beautiful monument has not escaped mutilation. The altar and statues, to the number of thirty, have been destroyed, and the enchased escutcheons which surround the tomb torn away.

For poems on *William of Wykeham*, see end.

The epitaph, in brass letters, inlaid round the marble slab, on which the figure rests, has been spared, and stands as follows:—

Wilhelminus dictus Wykeham jacet hic nece victus
Istius ecclesiae presul, reparavit eamque.
Largus erat dapifer; probat hoc cum divite pauper:
Consiliis pariter regni fuerat bene dexter.
Hunc docet esse pium fundatio collegiorum:
Oxoniae primum fiat Wintoniaeque secundum.
Jugiter oretis, tumulum quicunque videtis,
Pro tantis meritis ut sit sibi vita perennis.

William, surnamed Wykeham, lies here overthrown by death;
He was Bishop of this Church, and the repairer of it.

He was unbounded in his hospitality, as the poor and the rich can equally prove.
He was likewise a sage politician and counsellor of the State.
His piety is manifest by the colleges which he founded:
The first of which is at Oxford, the second at Winchester.
You, who look upon this monument, cease not to pray
That for such great deserts he may enjoy eternal life.

In the south aisle, near the chantry of Wykeham, are the mural monuments of Dean Cheyney and Bishop Willis. The statue is inimitable of its kind. Within the nave, near the eighth pillar, on the same side, is the gravestone of Bishop Horne, and near him lies the last Benedictine Prior and first Dean of the new establishment, whose epitaph, a century and a half back, was legible in the following terms:—

Willimus Kingsmell, prior ultimus, decanus primus ecclesiae. Obiit 1548.

William Kingsmell, the last prior, and first Dean of this church. Died 1548.

In the same row, but on the north side of the nave, lies Horne's successor, Bishop Watson, M.D. A little higher up, in the centre of the nave, repose the venerable Walkelin, the builder of the church and priory, and his successor, the conscientious Giffard, who preferred the poverty and humility of the cowl, to the wealth and splendour of the mitre.

Within the tenth arch from the west end, and in an ancient chantry, is the monument and figure of Wykeham's predecessor, Edington, but sadly mutilated; round the marble slab, on an inlay of brass, is inscribed the following epitaph:—

Edyndon natus Wilhelmus hic est tumulatus
Praesul praegratus, in Wintonia Cathedratus.
Qui pertransitis, ejus memorare velitis.
Providus et mitis, ausit cum mille peritis.
Pervigil Anglorum fuit adjutor populorum
Dulcis egenorum pater et protector eorum.
M.C. tribus junctum, post L. X. V. sit I punctum
Octava sanctum notat hunc Octobris innunctum.

William, born at Edington, is here interred:
He was a well-beloved prelate, and Winchester was his see.
You, who pass by his tomb, remember him in your prayers.
He was discreet and mild, yet a match for thousands in knowledge and sagacity.
He was a watchful guardian of the English nation;
A tender father of the poor, and defender of their rights.
To one thousand add three hundred with fifty, ten, five, and one;
Then the eighth of October will mark the time when he became a saint.

Passing by the mural tablet of the earl of Banbury, and the gravestone of Bishop Thomas, near the extremity of the south-west aisle, into the southern transept, we view with astonishment the original work of Walkelin; huge round pillars, and vast circular arches, piled one upon another, to an amazing height; whilst other smaller columns, without capitals or bases, are continued up the walls to the roof itself, which was formerly open to view.

The west aisle of the transept was the ancient vestry, or sacristy, and now forms the Chapter House and Treasury. Against the west wall of the transept, we see certain ancient presses, bearing the device of Silkestede, the use of which seems to have been to keep the great habits of the Monks, in which they appeared on all solemn occasions; these now contain the surplices of the Choristers. In the south wall is a door which led to offices of the ancient monastery. On the left hand is a calefactory, for preserving fire for the thuribles or censers, used in the ancient service, as likewise for the Monks to warm themselves in cold weather. On the right hand is another passage into the sacristy or vestry; over this is still seen the staircase leading to the ancient dormitories, from which the Monks had a ready passage into the choir to perform their midnight service. The east aisle of the transept is divided into two chapels. That on the right hand is called Silkestede's, the letters of his christian name being curiously carved on the open work of the screen: yet so that M.A., the monogram of the blessed Virgin, are distinguished from the rest, together with a skein of silk, as a rebus upon his surname.

Though infringing our plan with regard to modern monuments, we cannot quit this chapel without directing attention to the black marble slab covering the remains of the great philanthropist, Isaac Walton. The epitaph it bears is as follows:—

Here resteth the body of
Mr. Isaac Walton,
Who died the fifteenth of December, 1683.

Alas! he's gone before;
Gone to return no more.
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire,
Whose well spent life did last
Full ninety years and past.
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done.
Crown'd with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his.

Votis modestis sic fierunt liberi.
Thus with modest vows his children wept.

The adjoining chapel is probably the resting place of Bishop Courtney, whose monumental brass was removed when it was newly paved. Near the entrance of this chapel, on the left hand, are two stone coffins with their lids above the pavement. That with a mutilated statue upon it, we conjecture, belonged to an ancient prior; the other has the figure of a cathedral prior, with all his ornaments carved on the upper part of it, and surrounded by the following inscription:—

Hic jacet Willielmus de Basing, quondam Prior istius ecclesiae cujus, animae propitietur Deus, et qui pro anima ejus oraverit, tres annos ex quinquaginta dies indulgentiae percipiet.

Here lies William de Basing, who was formerly prior of this church, to whose soul God be merciful; and whosoever prays for the same, shall obtain three years and fifty days' indulgence.

We will now return to the nave, and, standing on the steps leading to the choir, we are on the spot formerly covered by the pulpitum. This answers to the ambo in the basilics of the primitive church, and was used for reading or chanting the lessons of the divine service, containing the organ and minstrels in general, which was accompanied by the choir below. On each side of the choir doors are two bronze statues, one representing Charles I, the other his father, James I.

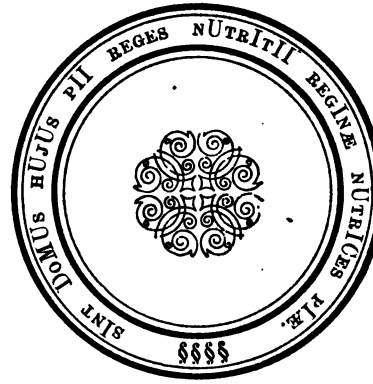
The choir doors now opening, how sequestered, how awful, how fit for prayer and contemplation, this sacred part of the venerable edifice appears. How solemn and majestic is this sanctuary! The stalls with their misereries, canopies, and pinnacles, adorned with a profusion of crockets, foliage, busts, human and animal figures, elegantly designed and executed, appear highly magnificent and beautiful. The stalls terminate on the left hand with the pulpit, which, among other ornaments, bears the name of the donor,

Thomas Silkestede.

Those on the right, finish with an elegant Gothic throne, most elaborately and exquisitely carved in that style.

Over the stalls, on each side, we see the huge columns and circular arches raised by Walkelin to support his tower above, by whom it was intended as a lanthorn for the choir, as appears by the ornamented work within it; it was actually open, at least to the top of the lowermost of the two stories, until the reign of

Charles I, at which time the present ceiling was made and adorned in the manner we now behold it. The enrichment consists of the arms, initials, and devices of Charles I, and his consort, Henrietta Maria, and the Prince of Wales; as likewise the arms of Scotland and Ireland, apart with those of Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Curle, and of Young, Dean of the Cathedral. There is also a curious medallion of the royal pair, with their faces in profile and their legend round it. In the centre is an emblem of the blessed Trinity, surrounded with the chronogram—



May pious kings be the nursing fathers, and pious queens the nursing mothers of this church.

The letters here of a larger size are painted red; these being picked out, and placed in proper order, there will be found MDC, VVVVV, IIIIIIIII, equal to 1634, which is the date of the work in question.

Turning towards the chancel, the object that arrests attention is that *chef d'œuvre* of West, the Raising of Lazarus. Here we regret to differ from those who have so much lauded this work, and we maintain, with Milner, that the principal figure, that of our Lord, who, in the work of Reubens, on the same subject, treads the air, and, with uplifted hands, animates the spectators as well as Lazarus with new life, is here devoid of that heavenly beatitude which should distinguish the Great Messiah working a miracle for the conversion of a nation. The grouping and arrangement of the other characters are admirable; but wanting the spiritualization of the exalted Redeemer of mankind, the work descends to the level of an ordinary composition. For ourselves, we would wish it removed, that the excellent stonework it conceals might be viewed in conjunction with the rest of the screen, thereby forming one harmonious whole, the delicacy of which is a perfect marvel, and hitherto has defied the pencil of the artist in this nineteenth century. The several niches in this beautiful

screen were formerly filled with statues of saints, and in it is to be clearly traced the form of the great cross which was elevated over the high altar, with its attendant images, composed of the purest gold, garnished with jewels, the gift of Henry de Blois, King Stephen's brother. Over the altar of this church was suspended the crown of Canute, in homage to the Lord of the Universe, after the famous scene of his commanding the sea to retire from his feet near Southampton. The doors of this screen are beautifully carved with the Annunciation and Visitation, in basso-relievo.

We will now turn towards the west, to view the elegant stone partitions on each side of the sanctuary, with the memorials of the illustrious dead, which are seen in this part of the church. These stone partitions bespeak the taste of Bishop Fox, whose initials and date, 1525, they bear. The carved parapet of these partitions is evidently of a later date than the rest of the work. We see, also, the arms and name of St. Edward the Confessor; the initials, arms, and motto of Cardinal Beaufort, who contributed of his wealth to its decoration; together with the initials of W. F., an unknown benefactor, with his motto, SIT LAUS DEO—"Praise be to God." The motto of Fox, EST DEO GRACIA—"Thanks be to God." And of Beaufort, IN DOMINO CONFIDO—"In God is my trust."

On the top of these partitions are six mortuary chests, containing the mortal remains of princes, and other personages eminent for their rank or merits. These chests, supposed to be the work of Fox, (but they are without doubt of the date of the parapet, on which they rest,) are of wood, carved, painted, and gilt, surmounted with crowns, and inscribed with the names, and epitaphs, in verse, of the princes whose bones they contain. These remains were collected by Bishop de Blois, in the twelfth century, and deposited in leaden coffins over the Holy Hole, probably in the same situation these chests occupy. When the choir was rebuilt, in the beginning of the 16th century, it was necessary to remove these coffins, which, being inelegant and numerous, Fox caused six wooden chests to be made, and placed in their present position.

The first chest from the altar, on the north, contains the skeleton of the first Christian king of the West Saxons, Kynegils, founder of the Cathedral, and of king Ethelwolf, here called Adulphus,

the father of the Great Alfred, once a sub-deacon of this Church, and its great benefactor. It is inscribed on one side,—

REX KYNGILS. OBIT A.D. 641.
King Kyngils. Died A.D. 641.

And on the other,—

ADULPHUS REX. OBIT A.D. 857.
King Adulphus. Died A.D. 857.

With this epitaph,—

KYNGILSI IN CISTA HAC SIMUL OSSA JACENT ET ADULPHI,
IPSUS FUNDATOR, HIC BENEFACTOR ERAT.

The bones of Kingils and Adulphus lie together in this chest;
The former was the founder, the latter the benefactor of this church.

The second chest on the same side contains two skeletons, one of which is Kenewalch, here called Kenulph, the son of Kinegils, and the real builder of the Cathedral at the Saxon conversion; the other is that of the founder of the English monarchy, Egbert. This chest is inscribed,—

KENULPHUS REX. OBIT A.D. 714.
King Kenulph. Died A.D. 714.

And,—

EGBERTUS REX. OBIT A.D. 837.
King Egbert. Died A.D. 837.

The epitaph,—

HIC REX EGBERTUS PAUSAT CUM REGE KENULPHO.
NOBIS EGREGIA MUNERA UTERQUE TULIT.

Here king Egbert rests, with king Kenulph.
Each of them bestowed great benefits upon us.

The third chest contains part of the mingled remains of various persons, the other part being deposited in the corresponding chest on the other side. These are the bones of Canute, the Danish king; of his queen Emma, the fair maid of Normandy; of the tyrannical Rufus; of the Bishop Alwyn; and of the prelates Wina and Stigand. These remains had become so intermixed from the time of de Blois, that their identity was doubtful, which accounts for their disposal by Fox in these chests. The inscription on one side of the chest before us is:—

IN HAC ET ALTERA E REGIONE CISTA RELIQUIAE SUNT CANUTI ET RUFI, REGUM; EMMAE, REGINAE; WYNAE ET ALWINI, EPISCOPUM.

In this chest and in that opposite to it, on the other side, are the remains of Canute and Rufus, kings; of Emma, queen; and of Wina and Alwin, bishops.

On the opposite side,—

HAC IN CISTA, A.D. 1661, PROMISCUE RECONDITA SUNT OSSA PRINCIPUM ET PRAELATORUM SACRILEGA BARBARIE DISPERSA, A.D. 1642.

In this chest, 1661, were promiscuously laid together the bones of the princes and prelates, which had been scattered about by sacrilegious barbarism in the year 1642.

In the middle chest, on the south, lies the mortal part of Edmund, the eldest son of Alfred, whom his father caused to be crowned king in his own lifetime; but the son dying before the father, and previously to the latter's resolution of building the new monastery, for the burying place of his family, he was interred in a spot in this Cathedral, which we shall presently point out, whence his bones were removed to the present shrine, which bears on each side the following inscription:—

EDMUNDUS REX. OBIT A.D.
QUEM THECA HAEC RETINET EDMUNDUM SUSCIPE CHRISTE,
QUI, VIVENTE PATRE, REGIA SCEPTRA TULIT.

King Edmund, died A.D.....Him whom this chest contains, and who swayed the royal sceptre while his father was yet living, do thou, O Christ, receive.

The sixth and last chest contains the relics of king Edred, the youngest son of Edward the elder, who was buried in the Cathedral by his friend St. Dunstan. The title and epitaph are the same on both sides,—

EDREDUS REX. OBIT A.D. 955.
HOC PIUS IN TUMULO REX EDREDUS. REQUIESCIT
QUI HAS BRITONUM TERRAS REXERAT EGREGIAE.

King Edred, died A.D. 955. The pious Edred rests in this tomb, who admirably well governed this country of the Britons.

N. B. — In transcribing the foregoing inscriptions all the abbreviations have been supplied.

We will now glance at the monuments and graves of princes and prelates in this part of the church. Under the chest of Egbert is a table monument, half let into the partition wall, which encloses the body of Bishop John de Pointes, or de Pontissara, the founder of the ancient college of St. Elizabeth, close to Wykeham's college of St. Mary, in this City. The epitaph is as follows:—

Defuncti corpus tumulus tenet iste Johannes Poíntes,
Wíntoniae, Praesulis exímii. Obit 1304.

This tomb contains the body of John Pointes, an excellent bishop of the See of Winchester, who died in 1304.

Against the wall, near the pulpit, is a similar monument, containing the ashes of Bishop Richard Toclive, or of Ilveschester, the successor of Henry de Blois, with this inscription,—

Praesulis egregii pausant hic membra Ricardi
Toclyve, cui summi gaudia sunto poli.

Here rests the limbs of the good bishop, Richard Toclyve. May he enjoy the bliss of heaven above.

Before the ancient high altar lie the remains of the once great and powerful prelate, Henry de Blois. Here too, also, was first buried the great Canute, whose epitaph consisted of the following jingling line:—

Moribus inclutus jacet hic rex nomine Cautus.

Here lies King Canute, illustrious for his conduct.

Lower down, descending into the choir, lies the noble-minded monk and bishop, Henry Woodlock, or de Marewell. The middle of the choir, between the north and south doors, was, till very recently, occupied by the tomb of the last of our monarchs, who was interred in this ancient mausoleum of royalty, William Rufus; it consists of English grey marble, and in that form called *Dos d'Ane*. The position of this tomb being thought inconvenient, it was removed in September, 1868, to the back of the high altar, and placed between the chantries of Waynflete and Beaufort. Its removal, under the direction of J. Colson, Esq., the Cathedral Architect, was witnessed by the dignitaries of the church and many inhabitants of the city. The bones, which, when laid out by the medical gentlemen present, formed, with trifling exceptions, the entire skeleton of a man, were generally conceded to be those of the Red King, although Fox and Milner state them to have been translated, (*see page* 18,) from this tomb and enshrined by de Blois, when he paid that honour to the remains of many other distinguished and deserving personages, as seen by the inscriptions on the chests.

Leaving the choir on the south, we enter the south-east aisle, which bears the devices of its famous founder, Bishop Fox, in every part. First, on the wall eastward, is an inscription for the heart of Bishop Nicholas de Ely, there deposited, whose body lies in the church of Waverly, near Farnham; the inscription is as follows:—

Intus est cor Nicolai olim, Winton Episcopi, cujus corpus est apud Waverlie.

Within this wall is the heart of Nicholas, Bishop of Winchester, whose body lies at Waverly.

Further eastward, within the partition wall, is the marble coffin of Richard, second son of William the Conqueror, who came to an untimely end while hunting in the New Forest, before his brother Rufus and his nephew Richard met there with the same

fate. Over the coffin is the following epitaph, in the character of Fox's time:—

INTUS EST CORPUS RICHARDI, WILHELMI CONQUESTORIS FILII ET BEORNIAE DUCIS.

Within this wall is the body of Richard, son of William the Conqueror, and Duke of Beornise.

In the same direction, on the pavement, close to the south wall, is the gravestone of a bishop, as appears by the ornaments upon it. This used to be pointed out as the grave of Fox, who is known to have been buried under his chapel, but in 1797 the stone was found to have no grave at all under it; hence, we conclude, it has been removed from its original situation, and there appears more reason to suppose that it belonged to Bishop Courtney, who died towards the end of the fifteenth century.



Here we have a distinct view of the gorgeous chantry of the founder of the principal part of the church, Bishop Fox. The luxuriancy of ornament in the arches, columns, and niches, with which it is covered, baffles description, and would appear excessive were not the whole executed with exact symmetrical proportion, and finished with elegance. In an oblong niche, under the third arch, lies the figure of the founder, which he, for the sake of humility and public instruction, had represented as an emaciated corpse in a winding sheet, with his feet resting on a skull. This is the real resting place of his venerable ashes. The beauty and solitude of this oratory was greatly heightened by the painted glass which filled all the open work of the arches, until it was destroyed in the grand rebellion. On the ceiling is emblazoned the arms of the founder with those of the House of Tudor, and the chosen device of Fox, the pelican, which is repeated many hundred times on his different works in the Cathedral. Over the place where the altar stood are seen the emblems of the Sacrament and of the Passion, supported by angels, as likewise the inscription,

O SACRUM CONVIVIUM IN QUO CHRISTUS SUMITOR.

O sacred banquet in which Christ is received.

The niches which contained the twelve statues remain in perfect preservation. On the side of the altar is a doorway, which leads into a little vestry, that seems to have been appropriated to this chantry.

We pass from this chapel to another, much larger, parallel with it, but quite plain and unadorned. This was formerly the richest part of the church, for here the shrine of St. Swithun, of solid silver gilt, and garnished with precious stones, the gift of King Edgar, used to be kept. This chapel is directly behind the high altar, and formerly communicated with the sanctuary by the two doors which are still there seen; this was furnished with an altar, the back screen of which, consisting probably of ornamental wood-work, seems to have been fastened by certain staples, which still remain.

On the left of this chapel, corresponding with Fox's chantry, but differing from it in every respect, is that of Bishop Gardiner, an absurd medley of Gothic and Ionic architecture. On the pavement of this chapel is the tombstone of Edmund, the son of Alfred, whom we only know to have been a king from his epitaph, engraved in Saxon characters upon it. The rest of the pavement, and the iron bars which secure the chapel, have been torn away out of hatred to Bishop Gardiner; but upon opening the sepulchre some years since his remains were found undisturbed.

Returning by the way we came, through Fox's chantry, we find ourselves in what may be called De Lucy's church. This is evidently the work of that prelate.



The object which first arrests our attention is the magnificent chantry of Cardinal Beaufort, which for elegance of design is generally admired as the most beautiful chantry in the Cathedral, if not in the whole kingdom. Nothing can exceed the exquisite fan-work of the ceiling, the canopies, with their studded pendants, or the croketted pinnacles. The tomb, of grey marble, is lined with copper, and was formerly adorned, on the outside, with the arms of the deceased; there was originally an inscription on a brass fillet round the upper part of the tomb, but the greater part was torn away in the reign either of Edward VI or Elizabeth, as in the reign of James I, the following only remained upon it:—

Tribularer si nescirem misericordias tuas.

I should be in anguish did I not know Thy mercies.

The figure represents Beaufort in the dress of a cardinal, the scarlet cloak, and hat, with long depending cords, ending in tassels of ten knots each. At the upper end of the chantry, under

a range of niches, stood an altar, at which, in virtue of his last will, three masses were daily said for the repose of his own soul and those of his parents and royal relations.

The opposite chantry, Bishop Waynflete's, is likewise incomparably beautiful, and by many preferred to the former. The central part, which in Beaufort's monument is left open, is here inclosed with light arch-work, surmounted with an elegant cornice. The figure of the bishop appears in full pontificals of mitre, crosier, casula, stole, maniple, tunicle, rochet, alb, amice, sandals, gloves, and ring. He is represented in the attitude of prayer, emblematically offering up his heart, in allusion to that passage of the Psalmist, *My soul is always in my hands.*

Between these chantries is the mutilated figure of a crusader, fully armed, whose shield bears quarterly two bulls passant, gorged with collars and bells, and three garbs for the princely family of De Foix. On a slab at the east end of the north aisle, from whence this monument was removed, are the arms of the royal families to which he appears to have been related—England, France, Castile, Leon, etc. The deceased, as we learn from the epitaph formerly on the monument, was Earl of Winnall, near Winchester.

Hic jacet Willielmus Comes, de insula Vana, alias Winealh.

Here lies William, Earl of the island Vana, otherwise Winnall.

Opposite these chantries, on the south, is the marble statue of Sir John Clobery, ornamented with all kinds of modern military accoutrements and emblems, and accompanied by an elaborate epitaph, eulogising the talents and virtues of the deceased.

Beyond the two chantries, in the middle of the centre aisle, before the entrance to the Lady Chapel, is a flat monument of grey marble, without inscription or ornament. This has been considered as the actual tomb of Lucius, the first Christian king, and the original founder of the Cathedral in the second century. But the fact is, Bishop de Lucy, the last founder of this part of the Cathedral, is here buried in the centre of his own works, the similarity of whose name with that of Lucius has occasioned the error.

Three chapels form the eastern extremity of the fabric. That on the south side is fitted up with richness and elegance, the ornaments with which it is covered being carved in oak. They consist of vine leaves, grapes, tabernacles, armorial bearings, and

the motto, **Laus tibi Christe**—"Praise be to thee, O Christ," repeated an incredible number of times. The prelate here buried is Thomas Langton, whose altar-tomb was originally exceedingly elegant, but is now stripped of every metallic ornament. Among the rebusses on the groining we see the musical note *long*, inserted in a *tun*, in allusion to the name Langton; also, a *vine* growing out of a *tun*, to denote his See, Winton; a *hen* sitting on a *tun*, signifying the Prior of the Cathedral, who was his contemporary, Henton or Hunton; and a *dragon* issuing out of a *tun*, the meaning of which has not yet been explained.

The middle chapel is that called the Lady Chapel. This was originally no longer than the others; the addition was begun by Prior Hunton, the successor of Silkestede, but finished and ornamented by the latter, as we find by the characters and rebusses borne by the groining, on the names of Hunton and Silkestede, as in Langton's Chapel.

As evidence of the latter having finished this part, the following inscription under his portrait, with the insignia of his office over the piscina, fully testifies:—

Silkestede.....jussit quoque saxa polita
Sumtibus ornati, Sancta Maria, suis.

Silkestede also caused these polished stones, O Mary, to be ornamented at his expense.



QUEEN MARY'S CHAIR.

The ornaments here alluded to, are certain paintings, historical and allegorical, relating chiefly to miracles ascribed to the prayers of the holy patroness of this chapel. At present they are highly curious and valuable for the information they convey of the customs of former times. Many attempts have been made to deface them, but the last, that of whitewashing, has been the means of preserving them in their present state. In this chapel was celebrated the marriage of Queen Mary with Philip of Spain, the chair in which she sat on the occasion being still shown there.

The third remaining chapel, from the figures of angels which still cover the vaulting of it, was probably dedicated to the Guardian Angels. North-west of the entrance to this chapel is the mutilated bust of a bishop or conventual prior, with his heart in his hands. This has evidently been removed from another place, and is probably intended for Ethelmar, it seeming to correspond with his dying wish. Turning to the west, we see the screen which separates the work of De Lucy from that of Fox.

In front of this, before the holy hole, we find a gravestone, twelve feet long and five feet broad. This has been celebrated by the learned as the monument covering the remains of St. Swithun. But from the examination of this tomb, in the year 1797, from the appearance of the remains there found, it is supposed to have belonged to good Prior Silkestede.

Upon the screen before us we see a range of niches, with canopies and pedestals which formerly contained statues of Christ, the Virgin, and the illustrious personages whose names and inscriptions may still be read.

In the lower part of this wall is seen a small arched way, now blocked up with masonry. This led down a staircase into the western crypt, immediately under the high altar, which, being the destined place for the reception of relics, and the interment of persons of eminent sanctity, was hence called *The Holy Hole;* that it contains the remains of persons only eminent for their piety, is proved by the inscription over the said vault:—

Corpora Sanctorum sunt hic in pace sepulta—
Ex meritis quorum fulgeri miracula multa.

The bodies of different saints are here buried in peace—
Through whose merits many miracles shine forth.

Turning round the north corner of the screen we enter the north-east aisle of Fox's church, which abounds with his devices and those of Cardinal Beaufort. Here we view the outside of Gardiner's chantry, exhibiting the same medley of architecture to which we have before alluded. His figure, like that of Fox, is presented as a skeleton. Proceeding westward, under the mortuary chest of Kinegils, we discover the monument of Hardicanute, the last Danish monarch, whose body was brought hither from Lambeth for interment, bearing the figure of a ship, with the following inscription:—

Qui jacet hic regni sceptrum tulit Hardicanutus, Emmae Cnutonis gnatus est, et ipse fuit. Ob. A.D. MXLI.

He who lies here, by name Hardicanute, bore the sceptre of the kingdom, being the son of Emma and of Canute. He died A.D. 1041.

Near this we see a similar monument for the heart of Ethelmar, Bishop of Winchester, and half brother of Henry III, bearing the following inscription:—

Corpus Ethelmari, cujus cor nunc tenet istud Saxum, Parisiis morte datur tumulo. Ob. Anno 1261.

The body of Ethelmar, whose heart is enclosed in this stone, lies buried at Paris. He died in the year 1261.

Descending a flight of steps we find ourselves again amid the ponderous and lofty architecture of the Norman Walkelin. Under the organ is a dark chapel, the walls of which are covered with paintings. This we have no difficulty in pronouncing as the chapel of the sepulchre, to which there was a great resort in the holy week. In front of this is a stone coffin, raised a little out of the ground, without inscription or ornament, except a processional cross, which seems to denote the grave of a Cathedral prior. There appears to have been as many as five altars in the open part of the transept before us, and the whole of it has been painted with the figures of saints and other ornaments, some of which still remain. On the east wall, at the extremity of the transept, are still seen the traces of a colossal figure of a man supporting a child, allegorical of St. Christopher carrying Christ.

Continuing our walk down the north aisle, we come to what has been named the *Crux Antiquariorum*, or the puzzle of antiquaries, the ancient font, standing within the middle arch of Wykeham's part of the church; this Milner declares to illustrate the transactions of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, who flourished in the fourth century. The first action for which he is famed being that of saving the virtue of three virgins, whom their father intended to abandon. St. Nicholas, hearing of his intention, tied a sum of gold in a cloth, and threw it, by night, into the bed-chamber of the father, who, on awaking, and finding the bounty, immediately married one daughter to a person of equal birth. This happened the following night, and upon the third, the father, on keeping watch, discovered his benefactor. On the south side this history is represented:—A bishop stands in front of a Saxon church, representing Myra Cathedral; before him kneels an old man with a long beard, who, kissing his hand, receives from him a mass tied up at the ends, which he gives to a female. Receiving this, her marriage portion, she holds out

her right hand to a male figure of her own age, who, by the hawk upon his fist, proves to be of noble birth, and a fit husband for her. In the intermediate space, another of these daughters is actually celebrating her marriage with a man richly dressed; they join their right hands, whilst her left is placed upon her breast, and his left holds her dower. There is not sufficient space to exhibit the nuptials of the third daughter. The next incident in his life is his voyage to the Holy Land, when a storm, which he had foretold, overtook the vessel; the sailors, who had derided the Saint's prediction, now besought him with tears to pray for their delivery, which, having done, the storm abated, and they arrived in safety at Alexandria. On the west side we see a ship without a sail, denoting a storm; a man is labouring at the helm, a second is weeping, and a third, of superior dignity, with his hands stretched over the waves, is appeasing them by his prayers. On his landing at Alexandria, the fame of his miracles occasioned the sick to resort to him for relief; hence, the next compartment exhibits two persons, with sorrowful countenances, in a recumbent posture before a bishop, who, holding one of them by the hand, seems raising him to health, whilst a third is joyfully expressing his gratitude for the cure he has experienced.

But the next celebrated act of the Saint was that of his saving the lives of three young men of his Cathedral, who, in his absence, had been unjustly condemned to death, on the knowledge of which he hastens back with the aid of superior authority, arrests their impending death, and returns with them to his city in triumph. In allusion to this, we see three persons prostrate, their bodies being covered with a mantle, the executioner standing by with uplifted axe; the bishop is present, but for want of space he is represented attending to another figure.

A nobleman, destitute of children, vows to St. Nicholas, that if through his prayers he should be blessed with a son, he would conduct him, when of age, to the Saint's church at Myra, and there offer up a golden cup, as a memorial of the heavenly favour. His vow being heard, he ordered the cup to be made, which proved so much to his taste that he kept it for his own use, and ordered another to be made to fulfil his obligation. Being on his voyage to Myra, with his son and both cups, he requested the lad to reach a little water in the vessel first made; the youth in attempting it, fell overboard, and was lost. The father now, reflecting on his conduct, pursued his voyage, and placed the

second cup on the altar, which, as oft as performed, was thrown to a distance, when lo! his lost son enters, and relates, that on falling into the sea the bishop appeared to him, brought him on shore, and conducted him to the city of Myra. To represent this story, we see, in a former compartment, a child lying under the rudder of the ship, with a cup in his hand; and in the present compartment, the same child, holding the same cup in his right hand, conducted by St. Nicholas, who has hold of his left.

The most distinguished ornaments on the top are doves breathing into phials surmounted with crosses; and on the sides the doves are again depicted with a salamander, emblamatic of fire, in allusion to that passage of St. Matthew, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

The only remaining object of interest that claims attention in the north aisle is the tribune above the door at the western extremity. This is the same workmanship as the adjacent parts, and, of course, formed a portion of Wykeham's original plan. It is at present made use of as an Ecclesiastical Court, but seems to have been erected to contain the minstrels who performed on all grand occasions.

Before quitting this sublime and sacred pile, let us step to the centre of the nave, near the great western door, and picture to our mental vision the appearance of the venerable church when in the zenith of her ancient glory. It will be seen that the pillars on each side of the nave, about forty feet from the pavement, are furnished with large iron hooks, from which, on all occasions of solemnity or rejoicing, were suspended a series of tapestry hangings, representing the miracles of our Saviour and his devoted Apostles, the effect of which must have been gorgeous and impressive; and, standing here, we have a good idea of its grandeur, by imagining these hooks to be furnished with a continuous curtain, extending from the entrance to the choir, a distance of 250 feet, on which, in all the brilliant hues of the rainbow, and imbued with the stupendous spirit of religious enthusiasm, were portrayed in colossal proportions, by the mighty mind of a Raphael or a Reubens, the theme-inspiring history of our Redeemer, and the acts of His faithful disciples; these, with the altars, lustrous with a profusion of gold, silver, and precious stones, heightened by the blaze of a thousand wax lights, the long line of priests in procession, arrayed in all the ecclesiastical pomp and splendour of the middle ages, with their embroidered copes, their mitres, their robes, their

sandals, their girdles, their tunics, their vests, their palls, and their cloaks, embellished with beauty and magnificence by the indefatigable votaries of the needle; these, we say, together with the solemn chaunt of the choristers, and the pealing of the grand and soul-ennobling organ, must have presented a scene so awe-inspiring, which, to verify the words of the immortal bard, would

"Dissolve one into extacy,
And bring all heaven before the eye."

The length of the Cathedral from east to west is 555 feet; of the transept from north to south 208 feet. The breadth of nave, with its aisles, is 86 feet, and the heighth is 78 feet. The choir, from the screen to the altar, is 135 feet, and the Lady Chapel is 54 feet; while the length of the nave is 250 feet. The presbytery is 70 feet in length, and the breadth of chapel behind the altar is 20 feet. The tower is 50 feet broad, and 140 feet high.

Chart of the Cathedral.

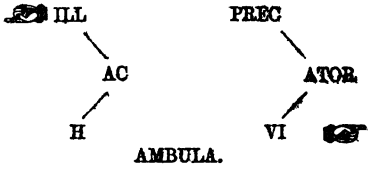
	A.D.
Built by King Lucius	169
Destroyed by Diocletian	266
Rebuilt, as a temple of Dagon, by Cerdic	516
Pulled down by Kinegils, and rebuilt by him and his son, Kynewald, as a church	647
Entirely rebuilt, the crypts added, and water introduced by Bishop Ethelwold	980
Rebuilt from the west front to the tower and transepts by Bishop Walkelin	1093
The east end rebuilt by Bishop Godfrey de Lucy	1207
The west front, with one window next it on the south, and two on the north side, rebuilt in the Gothic style by Bishop Edington	1366
The remainder of the nave, both inside and outside, remodelled in harmony with the west front by William of Wykeham, and his successor, Cardinal Beaufort	1406
The Lady Chapel lengthened by Priors Hunton and Silkestede, between 1470 and	1524
The east front and the Norman aisles of the presbytery rebuilt in the style of the nave by Bishop Fox and Prior Silkestede, between 1500 and...	1529

Environs of the Cathedral.

PASSING out of the west door, at the north-west corner, are foundation stones, which formed part of a small chapel, erected over the spot in which St. Swithun was originally buried, which was probably razed in the tenth century by St. Ethelwold, who transferred that Saint's remains to the shrine prepared for them by King Edgar. Surveying from this situation the north and east parts of the present churchyard, we behold the site of another ancient church and monastery, which vied with the Cathedral itself in magnificence and the dignity of its establishment, being founded by the immortal Alfred, as a burial place for his family, and a retreat for the Abbot Grimbald. This structure was designated the Newan Mynstre, in opposition to the Cathedral, which was generally called Ealden Mynstre, or the Old Monastery. We shall give the history of the former, and the causes of its removal, which took place in the reign of Henry I, when we come to treat of Hyde Abbey. The church of this abbey was parallel, and, apparently, the length of the Cathedral itself, and, though the offices of the former stood between the two churches, the voices and organs of the respective choirs mutually disturbed each other.

On part of the ground, formerly occupied by the New Minster, stands the present Matron's College, endowed by Bishop Morley, for the lodging and maintenance of ten ministers' widows. At the north-west extremity of the churchyard, the houses are built on part of the stone wall which originally enclosed the whole domain of St. Swithun's Priory. This situation, with what is now called the Square, was formerly occupied by a royal palace, either built or enlarged by William the Conqueror. This palace was destroyed by Bishop de Blois, as incommoding the Cathedral; and another was soon after built at the north-west extremity of the City. At the south-west corner of the churchyard the wall terminates in a round mass, indicating fortifications. The fact is, this enclosure was originally fortified against the incursions of the Danes, and it was probably in the same state in the reign of Henry III, when

it seems to have resisted a tumultuous populace. At this spot was a gateway, and the principal entrance to the church. The fragments of a doorway and windows to the south have been the subject of much discussion, and the prevailing opinion is, that they belong to the old college of monks, who served the Cathedral from its second foundation until the Saxon invasion, the same to which Constans belonged, who from a monk became an emperor. But the late style of architecture would indicate that they belong to "the chapel with a carnary," or bone house, mentioned by Leland in his itinerary, as existing on this spot. In 1632, it being judged indecent that the church should be left open as a public thoroughfare into the Close, the passage called the Slype was opened, by perforating the great buttress on the south side, an event commemorated by certain anagrams at the west and east entrance thereto, as follows:—on the west,—



ILLAC PRECATOR, HAC VIATOR AMBULA.

That way thou who comest to pray, this way thou who art pursuing thy journey, walk.

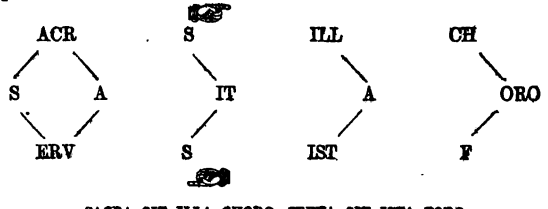
Over an arch at the east entrance,—

1632.

CESSIT COMMUNI PROPRIUM, JAM PERGITE QUA PAS.

Private property has yielded to public utility. Proceed now by the way which is open to thee.

And,—

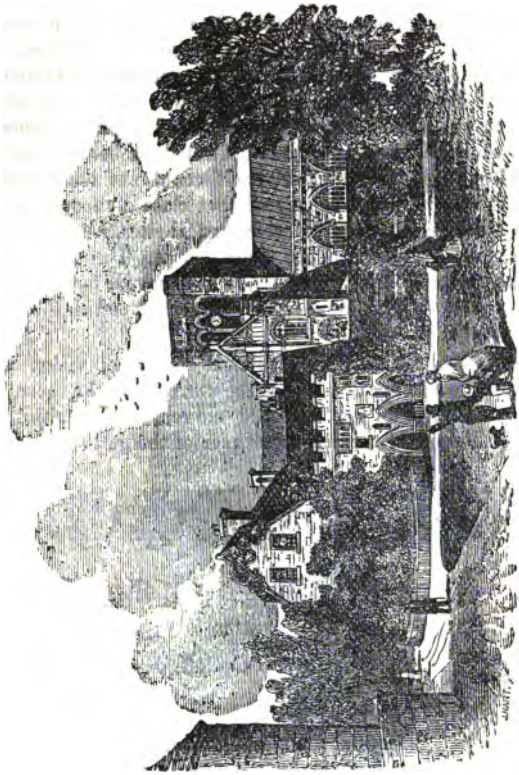


SACRA SIT ILLA CHORO, SERVA SIT ISTA FORO.

That way is consecrated to the choir, this way leads to the market.

Passing into the Close, we find considerable remains of the domestic buildings of the Priory, amongst which is the Deanery, formerly the Prior's house, which has three external arches of the time of Henry III. These arches are very acute, and without shafts; in the spandrels are narrow

For poem, The Deanery, see end.



VIEW OF DEANERY.

lancet niches, with the brackets for images, and the arches are still flanked by the original buttresses. The hall is of the fifteenth century. There are other remains of the domestic buildings of the monastery, forming the basement of one of the canon's houses on the west of the Close. On passing out of the Close, at the

south-west corner, the barge boards, or verge boards, of the porter's house, are worthy of notice, as presenting the finest specimen of that style of decoration in the City. We quit the enclosure of the monastery, now called the Close, by a lofty and firm gateway, with doors of prodigious strength, which are supposed to have been erected in 1264, the former doors, with the adjacent buildings, being burnt in the riots which occurred at that period. From this gate we proceed by the east end of St. Swithun's Street to Kingsgate, over which is the parish church of St. Swithun. This church was evidently built for the parish church of the numerous servants and artificers of the Priory of St. Swithun, to whom it was dedicated, as being dependant on the Priory; for the Cathedral itself could not have been made subservient to the conveniency of that class of people, in the use of the sacraments and other ecclesiastical rites, without great confusion and interruption of the choir service. This gate appears to have been opened by King John, who removed, for that purpose, the church of St. Swithun—which formerly stood on the ground—to its present position.

Here are three of those Druidical stones, of which we shall hereafter have to speak: one at the entrance to the Close, another at the entrance to the aforesaid church, and a third as the foundation-stone of the south-east pier of the gate.

St. Mary's College.



ON turning to the left, down College Street, we behold in the range of houses on the south, the site of the ancient Sustern Spytal, or Sisters' Hospital; an establishment served by nuns, but maintained by the monks of the Cathedral, and the donations of the charitable. This institution fell a sacrifice to the avarice of Henry VIII.

In the age succeeding the Conquest, we have positive proof of there being a large grammar school at Winchester; as in the constitution of St. Cross, drawn up by its original founder, De

Blois, it is directed that thirteen of the poorer sort of scholars belonging to this school should receive their daily victuals from that foundation. Wykeham himself, in his early youth, resided at Winchester for the benefit of frequenting the school that existed on the spot on which the college now stands. In the year 1373, Wykeham took this school into his own hands, providing the scholars with board and lodging in St. John's parish. But in March, 1387, having completed his college at Oxford, he began the foundation of the college in this City. In the course of six years this great work was finished; when, on March 28th, 1393, John Morays, who had been the same day appointed Warden, and with him the rest of the society, "made their solemn entrance into the College, chanting in procession.



WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

The mysterious numbers and degrees of the members of this foundation are worthy of remark, as an instance of conformity to the practice of the middle ages. The warden and ten priests, who were perpetual fellows, represented the college of the Apostles,

Judas Iscariot being omitted; the head master, and second master, with seventy scholars, denoted the seventy-two disciples; the three chaplains, and three inferior clerks, marked the six faithful deacons,—Nicholas, one of that number, having apostatized, has no representative; the sixteen choristers represented the four greater and the twelve minor prophets.



COLLEGE GATEWAY.

We enter its first court by a spacious gateway, the canopy of which is supported by the mutilated busts of a king and a bishop, representing the founder and his patron, Edward III. In the centre of the groining are the arms of Wykeham, and in a niche on the outside is a large statue of his patroness, the Virgin Mary, crowned, with a sceptre in her right hand, and the infant Jesus in her left. The preservation of this statue from the violence of the fanatics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is difficult to be accounted for. In the area of this court stands a modern house, built for the Warden. The middle tower, over the gate leading into the inner court, is ornamented with three beautiful niches, bearing suitable canopies and pinnacles; in the centre niche is the statue of the Virgin Mary, with a book in the left hand, the right being elevated towards the figure of the angel

Gabriel, who appears to be pointing to a label inscribed with the words of the salutation,

Ave, gratia plena.
Hail! full of grace.

The founder himself is represented in the third niche, with his mitre and other episcopal ornaments, invoking the prayers of his holy patroness. These three figures are repeated in niches on the south side of this tower, whilst over the east end of the church is seen a statue of the Virgin Mary, similar to that in front of the first tower, but under a much more gorgeous canopy.

Passing into the second court, we are struck with the elegant and uniform style of the ancient buildings. The magnificent chapel and hall, forming the south wing of the quadrangle, supported by bold, and ornamental buttresses, and enlightened by lofty and richly mullioned windows, bespeak the genius of Wykeham, filling the mind with admiration and delight. Over the western extremity of the hall, corresponding with the abovementioned statue of the Virgin Mary, and under a similar canopy, is the figure of St. Michael, armed with a spear and shield, and transfixing the old dragon. The stately tower, with turrets and pinnacles at the four corners, was built in the more ornamental style of the fifteenth century by Warden Thurbern, A.D. 1430.*

Entering by the vestibule, ornamented with a rich Gothic ceiling, we find ourselves amid the solemn gloom of the chapel itself, whose

"Storied windows richly dight,"

diffuse that hallowing shade so aptly termed by the poet "religious," and which, in all ages of the Christian Church, has been held essential to the house of prayer. The great eastern window, forty feet high and twenty-four feet wide, contains the genealogy of our Saviour; in it were also some Saints of the new law, particularly St. Peter and St. Paul. In the centre is the Crucifixion, and, in the highest panel of all, the Resurrection. The other windows are filled with the figures of saints, kings, bishops, priests, abbots, and nuns; the names of most may be ascertained with a little study, together with the following inscription:—

Orate pro anima Willhelmi de Wykeham, fundatoris istius Collegii.
Pray for the soul of William of Wykeham, Founder of this College.

* The original tower being dilapidated, in consequence of the giving way of the foundation, it was rebuilt by the subscriptions of Wykehamists in memory of the two Wardens of Wykeham's Colleges, Robert Speckott Barter and David Williams, A.D 1865-6, the style and character of the former tower being strictly preserved.

The solemnity of this chapel is greatly heightened by its loftiness, and the bold and magnificent style of its groining, resembling that which covers the sanctuary of the Cathedral. The altar-piece, by Le Moine, representing the Salutation of the Virgin Mary, is deservedly admired, but the altar itself appears shorn of its former dignity and decorations, although, through the munificence of its friends and benefactors, it at one time vied with the Cathedral itself in splendour and magnificence. The great defect in this chapel arises from the ordinary benches and plain modern wainscoting placed here by Dr. Nicholas, 1681, who, for that purpose, removed the ancient stalls, with their beautiful canopies and spire work, which, from the taste of the Founder, were doubtless exquisite of their kind. These stalls are now awkwardly ranged round the ante-chapel, where are still some of those curious



COLLEGE CHAPEL.

seats called misereres, so constructed to ensure watchfulness, that if the body became supine by sleep it was thrown forward on the pavement. In this ante-chapel are arranged many of the singular brasses, and other memorials of the illustrious dead, removed by Dr. Nicholas from the choir, which our limits will not allow us

to particularise. On the re-erection of the tower (*See note, page 35*) its basement was very elegantly disposed in continuation of the vestibule, and in its east wall is inserted the tablets in memory of the two Wardens.

We proceed from the chapel to the cloisters, whose walls, like the prophet's roll, are everywhere inscribed with "lamentation, and mourning, and woe," the records of mortality during four and a half centuries. Most of the brasses represent priests in their sacerdotal habits, and all the more ancient inscriptions conclude with prayers for the deceased, to one of which we specially direct attention, as it confirms the date of the elegant little Gothic chapel in the court before us:—

Orate pro aiae Dni Willi Clyffe primi Capellani, istius Capellae, qui obiit xxiii. mensis Maii, An. Dnj. m.cccc.xxxiii. Cujus aiae propitietur Deus.

Pray for the soul of Master William Clyffe, first chaplain of this chapel, who died March 23, 1433. On whose soul may God have mercy.

This chapel was built by John Fromond—a man of great consideration, and a liberal benefactor to both Wykeham's Colleges—in 1430, which is doubtless the date of the cloisters; its use was that of a chantry, where mass was daily performed by a priest, endowed by Fromond for that purpose. The funds of this chapel were appropriated by the avaricious king, Henry VIII, and the building itself remained void and neglected many years. On the right of the entrance is a cavity in the wall, intended to contain the holy water, with which those who entered such places of old used to sprinkle themselves. Passing to the interior, we stand in an elegant and well-furnished library, to which use it was converted in 1629. The east window is filled with stained glass, being an admixture of its original and part of some taken from the windows of the side chapel under the tower. Here are also many valuable works and curiosities, among which is an Ibis from Egypt, embalmed in the eastern manner; and lastly, that which is venerated by every Wykehamist—the genealogical roll of the illustrious Founder of the College.

Returning from the cloisters by the vestibule, the refectory presents itself to our survey; but here we will first direct attention to the lavatory at the bottom of the stairs; this is in the same relative position as that in which a similar one stood in our

Cathedral Priory, and, indeed, in most ancient convents; a subject illustrative of the customs of ancient communities. The porch over the cistern has been removed, as we see the arch to receive it formed part of the original edifice. Ascending the stairs, we are in the lofty refectory, with its accompanying buttery hatches. This noble apartment is 63 by 33 feet; in it we see the wise provision of its architect to keep the air as sweet as possible, by elevating the middle of the roof, which portion is perforated on both sides for the escape of the effluvia from the provisions served up at table. The timbers of the roof are curiously wrought and arranged, terminating with large coloured busts of kings and bishops. At the east end is the raised dais for the principals, and in the centre the platform for the faggot of ancient days; and lastly, though by no means least, the receptacle for the remains of the feast for distribution to the poor. Descending from the hall, we view, in a chamber adjoining the kitchen, a singular allegorical painting, combining the attributes of a Trusty Servant, with the lines which accompany it.

For Poem, *The Trusty Servant*, see end.

We pass from hence into the court, in which stands the noble school-room, built by the subscriptions of Wykehamists in 1687, at a cost of £2600. Over the door is a well-executed statue of the Founder, presented as the inscription declares, viz:—

M. S. Gulielmi de Wykeham, Episcopi Wintoniensis, Collegii hujus fundatoris. Statuam hanc e metallo conflandam atque hoc sumptu suo ponendam curabit, et conjuge affinis sua, Caius Gabriel Cibberus, Statuarius Regius. M.DCLXXXXII.

Sacred to the memory of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, founder of this College. Caius Gabriel Cibber, statuary to the king, and a relation, by his wife, of the aforesaid founder, caused this brazen statue of him to be cast, and erected here, at his own expense. 1692.

On the south end of the school-room are the following inscriptions, with the appropriate emblems:—

Aut Disce, Either learn, } A mitre and crozier, as the expected rewards of learning.

Aut Discede, Or depart hence, } An ink-horn to sign, and a sword to enforce the order of expulsion.

Manet sors tertia caedi. The third choice is to be chastised. } A scourge.



THE TRUSTY SERVANT.

A Trusty Servant's portrait would you see,
This emblematic figure well survey.
The porker's snout—not nice in diet shows;
The padlock shut—no secrets he'll disclose;
Patient the ass—his master's wrath will bear;
Swiftness in errand the stag's feet declare;
Loaded his left hand—apt to labour saith;
The vest—his neatness; open hand—his faith;
Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm,
Himself and master he'll protect from harm.

At the north end are inscribed the rules for the conduct of the students, of which the following is a translation:—

Table of the Scholastic Laws.

In the Church.—Worship God. Say your prayer with a pious affection of the mind. Let not your eyes wander about. Keep silence. Read nothing profane.

In the School.—Let each one be diligent in his studies. Let him repeat his lesson in a low tone of voice to himself, but in a

clear tone to his master. Let no one give disturbance to his neighbour. Take care to spell your theme aright. Have all your school implements in constant readiness.

In the Hall.—Whoever says grace, let him repeat it distinctly. The rest are all to answer him. All are, in the meantime, to stand upright in their places. Whatever is to be repeated, let it be clearly and properly pronounced. Whilst you sit at table behave with due decorum.

In the Court.—Let no one throw stones or balls against the windows. Let not the building be defaced with writing or carving upon it. Let no one approach the masters with his head uncovered, or without a companion.

In the Chambers.—Let cleanliness be attended to. Let each one study in the evening, and let silence prevail in the night.

In the Town, going to the Hill.—Let the scholars walk in pairs. Let them behave with proper modesty. Let them move their hats to their masters and other respectable persons. Let decency regulate your countenance, your motions, and your gait. Let no one on the hill go beyond the prescribed limits.

Every where and at all times.—Let inferiors be subject to the prepostors. Let the prepostors govern with equity. Let the latter be themselves free from fault, and give good example to the rest. Let both inferiors and prepostors refrain from every thing that is unbecoming, both in action and in words.

Whoever disobeys these rules, upon conviction, will be sentenced to condign punishment.

No one will be excused in staying at home beyond the time of vacation. Those who are detected in going out of the college without leave will be expelled for the third offence.

The College Election takes place at Midsummer annually, after which, and previous to the vacation, the scholars and choristers, with their friends, together with the *elite* of the neighbourhood, assemble in the several courts, and, aided by a band of music, sing the famous song of *Dulce Domum*;—the effect of which is exceedingly impressive, and has made the heart of many an old Wykehamist leap within his bosom, as the days and scenes of his youth were thus forcibly recalled to memory. A more joyous or soul enlivening hour can certainly never flash across his path of life than the ever-to-be-remembered "Dulce Domum."

This song is said to have been composed by a scholar who, in former days, was detained at school during the holidays; but although its existence can only be traced up to a century, its real author, and the occasion of its composition is not known. We here conclude our account of the College with the song in the original Latin, together with a translation from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for March, 1796.

Dulce Domum.

Concinamus, O sodales!
Eja! quid silemus!
Nobile canticum!
Dulce melos, domum!
Dulce domum, resonemus!

CHORUS.

Domum, domum, dulce domum!
Domum, domum, dulce domum!
Dulce, dulce, dulce, domum!
Dulce domum, resonemus!

Appropinquat ecce! felix
Hora gaudiorum:
Post grave tedium
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum.
Domum, domum, etc.

Musa, libros mitte, fessa,
Mitte pensa dura,
Mitte negotium
Jam datur otium,
Me mea mititto cura.
Domum, domum, etc.

Ridet annus, prata rident;
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repitit domum
Daulius advena:
Nosque domum repetamus.
Domum, domum, etc.

Heus! Rogere, fer caballos;
Eja, nunc eamus
Limen amabile,
Matris et oscula,
Sanviter et repetamus.
Domum, domum, etc.

Concinamus ad Penates,
Vox et audiatur:
Phospore! quid jubar,
Segnius emicans,
Gaudia nostra moratur?
Domum, domum, etc.

Translation.

Sing a sweet melodious measure,
Waft enchanting lays around;
Home! a theme replete with pleasure!
Home! a grateful theme resound!

CHORUS.

Home, sweet home! an ample treasure!
Home! with every blessing crown'd!
Home! perpetual source of pleasure!
Home! a noble strain resound!

Lo! the joyful hour advances,
Happy season of delight!
Festal songs and festal dances,
All our tedious toils requite.
Home, sweet home! etc.

Leave, my wearied muse, thy learning,
Leave thy task so hard to bear;
Leave thy labour, ease returning,
Leave this bosom, O! my care.
Home, sweet home! etc.

See the year, the meadow smiling!
Let us then a smile display;
Rural sports our time beguiling,
Rural pastimes call away.
Home, sweet home! etc.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
And no longer loves to roam;
Her example thus impelling,
Let us seek our native home.
Home, sweet home! etc.

Let our men and steeds assemble,
Panting for the wide champaign;
Let the ground beneath us tremble,
While we scour along the plain.
Home, sweet home! etc.

Oh! what raptures, oh! what blisses,
When we gain the lovely gate!
Mother's arms and mother's kisses,
There our blest arrival wait.
Home, sweet home! etc.

Greet our household gods with singing;
Lend, O Lucifer thy ray;
Why should light, so slowly springing,
All our promised joys delay?
Home, sweet home! etc.

The College—Crimean Monument in the Porch.



Samuel Twyford, R.N.,
Lieutenant H.M.S. "London,"
Killed in the Trenches
while serving in the
Royal Naval Brigade,
9th April, 1855,
Aged twenty-five years.

Edward Henry Webb,
Lieut. 88th Connaught Rangers
Killed in the Attack on the
Quarries,
7th June, 1855,
Aged twenty-two years.

Frederick Grote Barker,
Lieut. 68th Light Infantry,
Killed at the Battle of Inkerman
5th November, 1854,
Aged twenty-one years.

Richard Grenville Deane,
Ensign 30th Regiment of Foot,
Killed at the Assault on the
Redan,
8th September, 1855,
Aged eighteen years.

Walter Trevelyan,
Colonel Coldstream Guards,
Died of Cholera at Varna,
21st August, 1854,
Aged fifty-six years.

Robert Edward Boyle, M.P.,
Son of Edmund Earl of Cork
and Orrery,
Lieut.-Col. Coldstream Guards,
Died of Fever at Varna,
3rd September, 1854,
Aged forty-four years.

Henry Thomas Butler,
Captain 55th Regiment of Foot,
Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-
General,
Killed at the Battle of
Inkerman,
5th November, 1854,
Aged forty-one years.

This Porch

HAS BEEN PREPARED AND
BEAUTIFIED BY

William of Wykeham's Sons.

AS A SACRED SHRINE,
IN WHICH THE MEMORIES OF
THEIR THIRTEEN BRETHREN
WHO DIED
IN THE WAR OF THE ORIMEA,
A.D. 1854-5,
MAY BE PRESERVED FOR AN
EXAMPLE TO FUTURE
GENERATIONS.

—

Think upon them, thou who art
passing by to-day;
Child of the same family, bought
by the same Lord;
Keep thy foot when thou goest
into this house of God;
There watch thine armour, and
make thyself ready by prayer,
To fight and to die
The faithful soldier and servant
of Christ and of thy country.

John Jackson Lowth, C.B.,
Lieutenant-Colonel
38th Regiment of Foot,
Died on Landing at Portsmouth
28th July, 1855,
from wounds received on
the 18th June,
Aged fifty-one years.

John Charles Conolly,
Captain
23rd Royal Welch Fusiliers,
Killed at the battle of the
Alma,
20th September, 1854,
Aged thirty-three years.

Frank John Curtis,
Lieut. 46th Regiment of Foot,
Killed in the Trenches,
2nd May, 1855,
Aged twenty-three years.

Arthur Francis Maine,
Lieut. 77th Regiment of Foot,
Died in Camp,
21st November, 1854,
Aged twenty-two years.

James Bullen Dennis,
Lieutenant 3rd Buffs,
Died 4th October, 1855,
of wounds received in the
Trenches before Sebastopol,
19th August, 1855,
Aged twenty-one years.

Charles Henry Beck,
Lieutenant
23rd Royal Welch Fusiliers,
Died at Sea,
29th September, 1855,
of wounds received at the
Assault on the Redan,
Aged nineteen years.

He + is + not + a + God + of + the + Dead + but + of + the + Living, + for + all + live + unto + Him.

Wolvesey Palace.

HAVING taken leave of the College, the picturesque ruins of the Episcopal Palace of Wolvesey, at the east end of College-street, next demands our attention. Its name appears to have been derived from the tribute of the wolves' heads, imposed upon the Welsh by King Edgar, being paid within it; although its first erection is of much earlier date. It is said that Kinegils, the first Christian King of the West Saxons, built here a palace for himself, and that his successor, Kenewalch, annexed it to the Cathedral—then lately finished—as a dwelling for the bishops of the West Saxons. We meet with nothing more respecting it (except the circumstance of wolves' heads being paid here) until 1138, when De Blois, brother to King Stephen, erected on the site a castle of irresistible strength, employing for the purpose the materials of the royal palace, built by his uncle, William the Conqueror, on the north-west part of the Cathedral-yard, which he himself demolished. This castle was dismantled by Henry II; nevertheless, a century later it appears to have been of considerable strength, as the Prelate Ethelmar, with his three brothers, fled hither for safety from the Parliament of Oxford, but, being overcome, the castle was probably more effectually dismantled. We, consequently, hear no more of it as a place of strength, although it is frequently mentioned as the bishop's residence.

This noble edifice, having subsisted in splendour near 500 years, was destroyed in 1646 by Cromwell in person. The modern building on a portion of its site was begun by Bishop Morley in 1684, and completed by Sir Jonathan Trelawny about the beginning of the seventeenth century; since which time the whole of the front, running east and west, has been taken down. The only part of the ancient edifice which has escaped destruction is the chapel; the inside of which by no means corresponds with the beauty of its exterior, being ceiled in the modern fashion, and destitute of every kind of ornament.

We must not, as Milner observes, confine our ideas of the renowned castle of De Blois to the present ruins, since we find, from an actual survey, that its walls extended on one side near to King's-gate, and on the other to the City Bridge, being fortified with towers at proper distances.

Directly opposite to the gates of Wolvesey Palace, at the eastern extremity of the Warden's garden, was a house belonging to the Cathedral monks, called La Caritè. This was probably a lazaretto to their Sustern Spytal at the other end of the street.

In the meadow south of the Warden's garden, adjoining the wharf, stood the College of St. Elizabeth, founded, in 1301, by John de Pontissara, for a warden and six other priests, three deacons and subdeacons, besides young clerks or students. This college was seized by Henry VIII. Near it anciently stood the parish church of St. Stephen, from which the meadow received its name.

From this spot, rich in antiquarian lore, we cannot depart without admiring the chalky brow of St. Giles's Hill, as it rises with peculiar boldness from among the intermingled trees and cottages of the eastern soke, at whose foot glides the rapid stream of the Itchen—introduced by the Saxon Ethelwold—which now shoots before us under Black Bridge, and thence directly forward to the sea. In its passage it bathes the foot of the majestic hill of St. Catherine, whose summit bears the labyrinth or mizmaze, engraven, says tradition, by the boy to whom the song of "Dulce Domum" is ascribed; and in the valley to the right, amid the lofty elms, reposes the Church of the Holy Cross, founded also by De Blois, the nephew of the Conqueror. Thither let us bend our course, inspecting all that is of interest in our way.

Returning through College-street, we proceed to St. Cross by Kingsgate-street, about the middle of which stands the parish church of St. Michael, a plain, uninteresting structure, rebuilt in 1822. In the south wall is preserved a curious ancient sun-dial, of the early part of the thirteenth century. Opposite to this church, on the other side of the way, in the College Mead, formerly stood the Church and Convent of the Carmelite Friars. This convent was founded, in 1278, by one Peter, called the Parish Priest of St. Hellen's, in the City of Winchester. At the dissolution of religious houses, the land on which their convent stood was bestowed on Wykeham's College, to which it proved a valuable acquisition; and now, such is the mutability of all human institutions, the spot once hallowed

by prayer is occupied by a stable. Great is the inscrutable wisdom of that Providence which conceals futurity from our view. Midway between this and St. Cross stands the farm formerly called De la Berton, now Barton. This was the property of St. Swithin's Priory, and by the moat and other marks was doubtless a place of some consequence.



THE PORTER'S LODGE.

"Beloved St. Cross! where all the charms combine
That warm the canvass or that grace the line;
Thou kind retreat from sorrow and from care,
With sparkling waters and a balmy air;
Amid thy meadows green and peaceful shades,
Thy crowning hills and long deep bow'ry glades,
What troubled heart can fail in thee to find
Health for the body, solace to the mind."

IN the well watered valley of the Itchen, amid sunny hills and flowery meads, the position of St. Cross offers no exception to the proverbial sagacity with which our forefathers chose the sites of their religious houses and charitable foundations. Distant only a mile from the Cathedral City, and within a few yards of the high road to Southampton, the lofty Church of De Blois rises majestically from the midst of the domestic buildings, which are picturesquely grouped about it; and, fringed by luxuriant elms and magnificent walnut trees, presents an aspect as charming as it is imposing.

For Poem, *St. Cross*, see end.

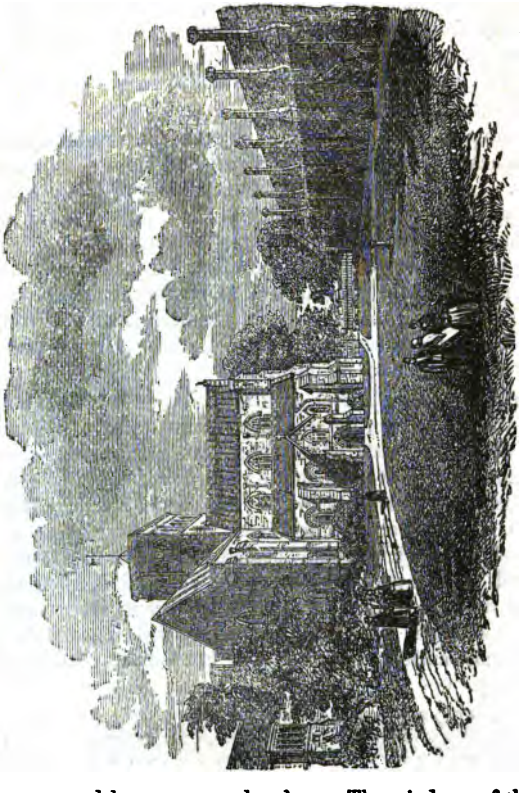
Thus situated, it is a conspicuous object to the traveller approaching Winchester from various directions, and from a considerable distance. And on a nearer approach, the lower buildings, which cluster round the church, add their full share to the general effect. This is more especially the case from the Southampton direction, whence the noble gateway of Beaufort, the refectory with its striking porch, and the long range of tall quaint chimneys, combine, with the church and the foliage, and the occasional peeps of the river between the trees, and St. Katharine's hill in the back ground, to form a complete picture.

Let us enter the well kept quadrangle, or, as it is more usually termed, the court, from the direction just indicated. Leaving the high road by the little wicket gate, crossing the green close, leaving the old walnut trees on the right hand, across the corner of the park, we pass through the iron gate into the Hospital premises. We are at once impressed by the calm repose of the antiquated place, which certainly possesses an indescribable air of its own; and, with its tall box edgings, and old fashioned flowers, and luxuriant fig-trees, vines, and creepers, is very unlike an ordinary college quadrangle. We begin our survey with that which is at once the most ancient, and the most interesting, portion of the whole group.

The Church.

THE EXTERIOR of the church first claims attention. It is a massive cruciform structure, with central tower and imposing transepts. The west front, with its lofty buttresses, its elegant early English double doorway ornamented with tooth moulding,

and its large decorated window, will repay an attentive survey. Just enough of the gable-cross remains to show that it once existed there. The north porch varies the line of the aisle-roof in the happiest manner; it is early English in style, and shows the remnants of tooth-work in the door mouldings: it is well groined,



ST. CROSS CHURCH, WITH THE HOSPITAL BUILDINGS.

and surmounted by an upper chamber. The windows of this and the opposite aisle vary in character. Those nearest to the transepts are Norman, like the lower transept-windows themselves; but the others become distinctly early English as they approach the west. The clerestory windows, over the tiled roofs of the aisles, are

decorated; and, together with the lead-covered roof above them, were the work of William de Edyndon, A.D. 1334: the nave was only thatched until his mastership.* John de Campeden, A.D 1382, completed the tower at a somewhat later period, and constructed and glazed the eight windows, two on each side, which light the lower portion beneath the belfry.

The north transept terminates with a central buttress beneath an early English window, and a gable-light above. On each side of the buttress is a finely carved Norman window; that to the east is concealed by the ambulatory, the western one has been recently restored to its original purpose.

Passing into the meadow behind the Hospital, the reader has before him the peculiar east front of the choir; with its central and side buttresses, its ten windows in different tiers, its turrets which have long lost their spires, and its circular Norman openings in the gable. A richly carved semi-Norman doorway with pointed arch, in the wall of the north-eastern aisle, close to the transept, is now closed up. On the opposite side, in the south-east angle, is a very curious doorway, of which a sketch is annexed. This



TRIPLE ARCH.

* See *Memorials of the Hospital of St. Cross*, by Rev. L. M. Humbert, M.A.

peculiar "triple arch," as it is usually called, evidently formed, in earlier times, an entrance into the church from a cloister which then existed, and which is still to be traced in the weather tables, and in the shortening of the adjacent windows. The doorway seems to have taken its peculiar shape from the necessity of scooping into the wall on the right, in order to make the most of the scanty room allowed by a buttress in too close proximity at the left. The internal arrangement is here equally perplexing, and will be referred to presently. The roofs of the choir aisles were lowered, and the triforium-openings glazed, in the mastership of John de Campeden. Attached to the south transept is a vaulted chamber of inferior height, which appears to have been the ancient sacristy. A considerable portion of the exterior of the church is plastered, showing the stone work at the angles only. It has been recommended to remove this plaster, and, as far as possible, to point and restore the walls. Meanwhile, even as it is—

> "The fresh green sward and trees of various growth,
> Which planted seem where they should most adorn,
> Harmonise well with the grey masonry."

The Interior of the church now invites examination. Not many years ago the floor was broken and uneven, as well as damp; the seating was of the most incongruous character, partly deal, and partly oak grained over with paint; the two lower windows at the east end were blocked up altogether; the marble shafts were limewashed; and the delicate carving coated with plaster, was in some parts actually reduced to a smooth surface. A cumbrous wooden structure, painted to resemble oak, blocked up the east end of the church. And the general effect (such as it was) was intercepted by a high deal screen, which had been carried across the nave and aisles, and reached from the floor to the capitals of the large Norman columns. In short, the space appropriated for Divine Service was completely boxed up. It was not till A.D. 1860, that the present restoration was fairly commenced.

The peculiar and indescribable charm of the church lies in its substantial dignity and beauty of proportion. The first view which the stranger obtains, whether he enters by the north porch, or by the grand western doors, is perhaps equally good. Entering at the north, he sees the aisle and transept arrangements to greater advantage, and he is more impressed by the grandeur of the columns. The view from the west entrance, most completely

displays the extent and effect of the recent restoration. One important feature, which no past neglect could impair, is the imposing altitude and simplicity of the vaulted ceiling. Another feature is the lantern, formed out of the lower story of the central tower. But the eye instinctively rests upon the east end of the church, where the highly enriched Norman work of De Blois is clearly visible from the west, at a distance of 125* feet. The celebrated arcading of semicircular interlacing arches, the exquisitely carved window mouldings, the purbeck shafts, now denuded of their wash, and the effective vaulting of the choir,—are all heightened in effect, and, as it were, set in a double frame, by the lofty piers and arches which support the lantern. The lantern itself is peculiarly effective, and throws an air of lightness and grace over the whole building. The corbel heads, which support the ceiling of the lantern, are very boldly designed. Nearer to the spectator, as he views the church from the west, are huge circular columns which bear the arches of the nave, and rest upon massive square bases. The foliated ornaments at the angles of the bases, which in continental architecture are termed "griffes," or claws, demand attention by their boldness and character. The ground plan of the church was, no doubt, set out from the first: but, after awhile, when the work had been carried up to a certain point by its Norman architect, the western portion was suspended. The work, thus suspended, was not resumed till the transitional Norman architecture had been merged in the early English. This new style, then growing into use, was freely adopted. In some parts, the change is distinctly marked; as, for instance, in the string course, where a boss of foliage divides the Norman and early English work: but, in other places, the older style is so gradually absorbed in the new, that it is impossible to point out any precise line of demarcation. This remark is particularly applicable to the aisle-windows of the nave: the first, from the east, is distinctly Norman, with the square abacus surmounting its shafts, just like its fellows in the choir; the second is round-headed, like its Norman predecessor, but with circular abacus and later mouldings; the third is bluntly pointed; and the last window of each aisle, facing west, is distinctly early English. The great west window, which completes the work, is early decorated.

* The breadth of the church is 54 feet at the aisles, and 115 at the transepts. The height, about 57 feet to the vaulting of the nave: probably 20 feet higher to the oak ceiling of the lantern.

The transitional character of the architecture in the nave, from the later Norman to the more distinctly English style, to which attention has been thus directed, is very characteristic of the times in which the church was slowly built. But the choir and transepts furnish a remarkably fine specimen of the transitional style of Norman architecture itself; when the earlier Norman carving, which is sometimes of remarkable rudeness, was being succeeded by a delicacy of workmanship, combined with richness of design, which has been scarcely ever surpassed. This kind of work abounds in the choir and eastern aisles.

The projecting purbeck bases near the communion-rail, on which the chancel piers rest, seem to court inquiry; and, if cross-examined, have a tale of their own to tell. They were surmounted, till recently, by large octagonal columns of the perpendicular period. These appeared so clearly to be a later casing to earlier work, that, during the progress of the restoration, four years ago, the architect determined to investigate beneath the surface. On removing a portion of the casing, a circular column of Caen stone was found within. But some further signs of a purbeck marble capital appearing inside that again, the workmen were induced to penetrate yet deeper, and the discovery of a complete purbeck column of about twelve inches diameter, in the centre of all, was the result. An open cluster, consisting of central column and four detached shafts, all of marble, had been evidently designed in the first instance; and the sockets, for the square terminations of the shafts, are still visible on the projecting angles. But it must have become apparent, in the progress of the work, that this arrangement was not equal to the superincumbent weight; and so the northern column was at once cased with Caen stone. This material was used in the original work, but not subsequently. On trying the same experiment in the south pier, the Caen stone was easily reached; but the workmen failed to detect the innermost shaft of marble, which led to the conclusion that the first design had been abandoned, even then. Two hundred and fifty years later, it would appear that John de Campeden considered the enlarged columns, which were nine feet six inches in circumference, still unequal to the position, and re-cased them accordingly. This remarkable discovery offered a strong temptation to recur to the primary arrangement; Mr. Butterfield, however, adopted the more prudent course; and, leaving the greater portion of De Campeden's additional casing, has restored the angular shafts, and

brought the capitals into unison with the responds east and west of these central columns.

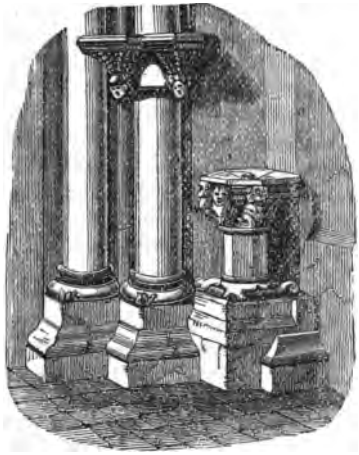
Another highly interesting incident was the discovery of the high altar slab, of dark marble, in a state of the most complete preservation. This discovery was made by the Master, before the commencement of Z. O.'s restoration, while he was engaged upon a little amateur scraping, at the east end of the church.* On the removal of the cumbrous and wholly incongruous piece of woodwork behind the communion-table, he found a large slab, eight feet three inches in length, imbedded in an upright position, in the centre of an old stone reredos, and covered with whitewash. When the wash was removed, the five crosses of consecration were found as sharply defined as when first incised. This marble slab had doubtless surmounted the high altar of alabaster, erected by John de Campeden, in the reign of Richard the Second. It now rests beneath the present table, which has been purposely constructed of the same dimensions. A smaller chantry altar slab was found, laid down as a gravestone, in the south aisle of the choir; it is considerably perished, and but two of its five crosses can now be faintly traced. This latter slab is laid down at the eastern extremity of the south aisle of the choir, in which it was found, and forms the base of the former communion table; which, with some other woodwork in the choir, was removed to this part of the church, at the time of the recent restoration. The displaced furniture of the choir, carefully cleansed from its repeated coats of

*"In the midst of this gradual progress, on the morning of 15th August, 1863, a most unlooked-for letter arrived, from an anonymous and wholly unknown writer. It was posted from Cowes; and addressed to the Master. The writer stated that, in a recent visit to St. Cross, he had been much impressed by the beauty of the church, and had heard with regret that the work of restoration was delayed from the want of available funds. He proceeded to offer a donation of £500, on certain specified conditions. These were to the following effect:—that the sum so given should be expended on the east end of the church: that the lower windows should be filled with stained glass, corresponding in treatment and colour with those already inserted above: that there should be some memorial in the glass, of the Queen and of the late Prince Consort, and of the Bishop and Master for the time being: and further, that any ancient glass, or tiles, displaced during the work, should be carefully preserved in appropriate situations. The writer subscribed himself 'Z.O.,' and requested an answer to be forwarded to the General Post Office, London.

"The Master and Trustees most thankfully accepted so liberal an offer; and the money was most promptly paid. But, strange to say, although the same munificent benefactor has subsequently given a sum of £250 more, 'Z.O.' is, to this hour, as completely shrouded in mystery, as on the day when the first letter was laid on the Master's breakfast-table at St. Cross."

paint, is there lovingly preserved; and is in constant use, at the brethren's daily service.

In the corresponding chapel, formed by the north aisle of the choir, considerable remains of the ancient wall-painting may be traced, on both sides, at the east end, and on the vaulting of the ceiling. Several figures are distinctly discernible. A very elegant piscina, and some brackets, of which an illustration is here given, also deserve examination. The elaborate screen, with canopy work, which divides the eastern bay of this chapel from the choir, will not fail to be noticed.



PISCINA AND BRACKETS.

There are further interesting remnants of wall-painting in the south transept. In a finely arched recess, in the eastern wall of this transept, once stood an altar to St. Thomas of Canterbury. As the coatings of whitewash were removed, not only did the stone carved work stand out distinctly, but, it soon became evident that, on the back of the recess, over the altar, there had been a series of pictorial representations. The outline of knights in Norman chain armour, a large sword, a mitre resting on an altar, and portions of an apparently priestly figure interposing, are more or less distinctly visible. A comparison with the larger and clearer wall-painting of the murder of à Becket, in Preston church, Brighton, materially helps to fill up the gaps; and especially,

supplies the prostrate figure of the Archbishop himself, who, most provokingly, despite every effort, cannot be brought out at St. Cross. On the south end of the same transept is a bold delineation of the taking down of our Lord from the Cross, covering the whole surface of the wall.

The recent colouring of the choir and lantern is, therefore, an attempt to reproduce a species of ornament with which the church was, in earlier days, enriched throughout. For this specimen of a kind of work which, till recently, had fallen so completely into disuse, we are indebted to the talent of Mr. Butterfield;* and to the public spirit of a gentleman, "a native of Hampshire," who most munificently headed a special subscription for the purpose. The introduction of colour is at least no novelty in the church of St. Cross. Wherever the whitewash has been removed, the remnants of ancient work of this character are discovered; and it was strongly felt, by the Architect and other friends, that any attempt at restoration, which ignored the colouring, would be unworthy of the place.

The remnants of ancient stained glass are to be found mainly in the large west window. Its contents, however, are at present very fragmentary, and of various dates. Mr. Winston says:— "The earliest specimens of early English glass I have met with in the neighbourhood of Winchester, are two fragments, probably of a border, worked in with other glass in the west window of the nave of St. Cross. This glass belongs to the early portion of the thirteenth century, and doubtless came out of one of the Norman windows of the church." He attributes the figures, now in the lower part of the window, to about the reign of Henry VI. It is needless to say that the present arrangement is incongruous. But it is proposed, at the earliest opportunity, to remove all the existing glass; carefully to adapt the valuable ancient glass to other windows in the church; and then to refill the west window with the best modern glass. The modern glass already put up is partly by Wailes, and partly by Alexander Gibbs. The two upper windows at the east end of the choir, representing the Resurrection and Ascension, were the first presented; and are a thank offering on the part of friends who never cease to extert themselves for the improvement of the old church, and its restoration in every part to its former beauty. The window over the font came next.

* Mr. Butterfield's designs have been executed by Messrs. Harland and Fisher, of Southampton Street, Strand.

It is an offering on the part of several young persons who had been baptized there; and possesses an interest of its own on that account. Other windows, (the gifts of various friends,) followed: each with its own history and interest.

The pulpit of walnut wood and oak, is a memorial presented by Mr. William Savage of Winchester, as may be seen in the carving on the upper border.

The pavement of encaustic tiles deserves especial notice, as the work of John de Campeden in the fourteenth century. But, owing to burials, alterations, and the repaving effected by Dr. Lewis in the seventeenth century, the main design had become entirely obliterated; and even the lesser patterns had been quite neglected. All the old tiles have now been relaid, with due regard to pattern, in the north and south aisles. They rest upon a pavement of York stone, beneath which there is complete ventilation. The nave and choir are laid with new tiles, carefully prepared by Minton, from the old designs: the only new pattern being the mystic letters of the munificent benefactor, "Z.O."

In the eastern wall of the south transept, close to the present organ, is the somewhat perplexing inner arrangement of the "triple arch;" of which an illustration is here given. It was



INNER ARRANGEMENT OF TRIPLE ARCH.

unquestionably an entrance, in early times. On clearing out the odds and ends, (capitals and other pieces of columns, with the colour still adhering to them; fragments of a broken piscina, etc.,) with which it had been blocked up, the old tile pavement was found at the bottom. But whether, at a later date, the pieces were worked up without design, or whether it may have been employed for the distribution of some dole or alms, the writer does not profess to decide. The incomplete arch above it, is ornamented with the double potent, a device supposed to be taken from the armorial bearings of the Founder. The peculiar construction beneath it, whereby the flat heading of the original doorway is planned with a key-stone, on the principle of an arch, deserves attention. A similar construction is observable in the flat-headed doorway in the north aisle of the choir.

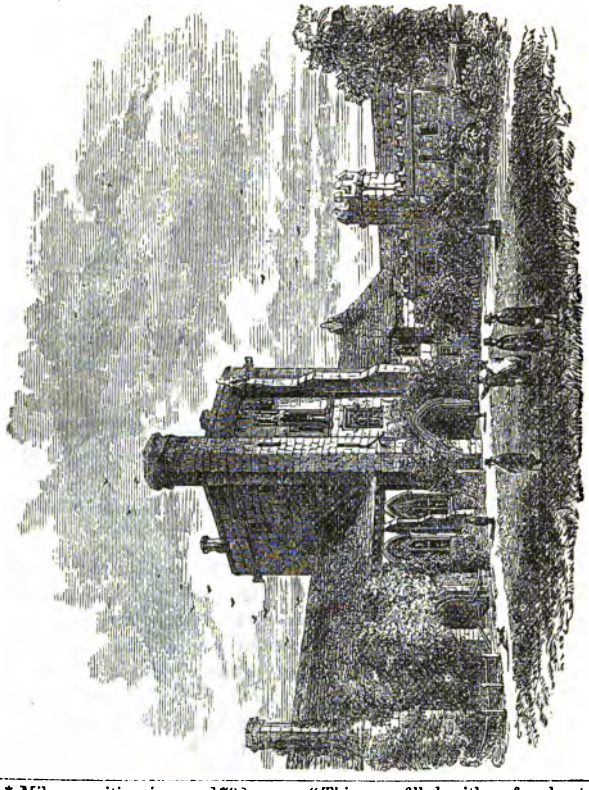
The triforium-arrangements, and wall-galleries, are very complete throughout the church; and, in some parts, from their coloured ornamentation, and their extra width, they bear evidence of having been once in frequent use.

Beaufort's Tower, Refectory, and Master's Residence.

A FEW preliminary remarks upon the position of the Hospital-buildings may be acceptable. The general plan consists of an outer and inner quadrangle. The entrance to the former is on the north side of the Hospital, and presents no special architectural features. On the east side of the entrance court is what is commonly known as "the Hundred Mennes' Hall," now converted into a brewhouse. On the west are the kitchen and stabling. On the south are Beaufort's tower and two bays of the refectory. Thence, passing through the gateway, the visitor reaches the inner court in which the Church is situated, first enquiring for the dole of bread and beer, which has been there distributed to the wayfarer during so many centuries, and still is given as in days of yore.

The woodcut given in illustration of the noble tower and gate-house erected by Cardinal Beaufort, A.D. 1404-1447, is taken from the south, facing the church. Over the arch is seen a square-headed and transomed two-light window, belonging to the

muniment room; and above this a single vacant niche, which is said to have contained a statue of the Virgin.* The opposite side



BEAUFORT'S TOWER AND HOSPITAL BUILDINGS.

* Milner, writing in A.D. 1798, says—"This was filled with a female statue, until within the last fifty years; when it fell down by accident and was destroyed. The venerable brethren, who remembered this occurrence, and the risk which one of their number ran of being killed by its falling upon him, said that it represented a milk-maid with a pail upon her head; and that the original foundation of the Hospital by De Blois was owing to his meeting with a person of that description on this spot, and to the conversation which he had with her upon the utility of such a charity. We do not hesitate to pronounce that this supposed milk-maid, with the pail upon her head, was intended for the blessed Virgin, with her high crown, as seen in many of her statues: and we have, in this fabricated history, a curious instance of the stories that were sometimes palmed off upon ignorant iconoclasts, in order to preserve religious statues."

of the tower, facing the outer court, is adorned with three canopied niches: in one of which is the kneeling figure of Beaufort, in his Cardinal's hat and robes. The two remaining niches are empty. It is conjectured that one contained the statue of the first Founder, and that the central niche held the holy Cross, in commemoration of which the Hospital was dedicated. Beneath is the principal entrance. The archway is four-centred, and well moulded; and in the spandrils are the royal arms of England, and those of the Cardinal. The latter are distinguished here, and in other places, by a border surrounding the shield. The moulding above the arch bears the Cardinal's hat, together with the heads (it is suggested) of John of Gaunt, his father; of his royal nephews, Henry V and Henry VI, and of his predecessor Wykeham. The gateway is vaulted and ribbed. On the east side is the porter's lodge. The gates themselves are strictly closed and barred, by the porter, at nine in the evening in summer, and at eight in winter: after which hour there is neither egress nor ingress without the Master's permission. Little hardship is felt in this respect. The brethren keep very primitive hours, remembering the old adage,—

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."



BEAUFORT'S CHAIR.

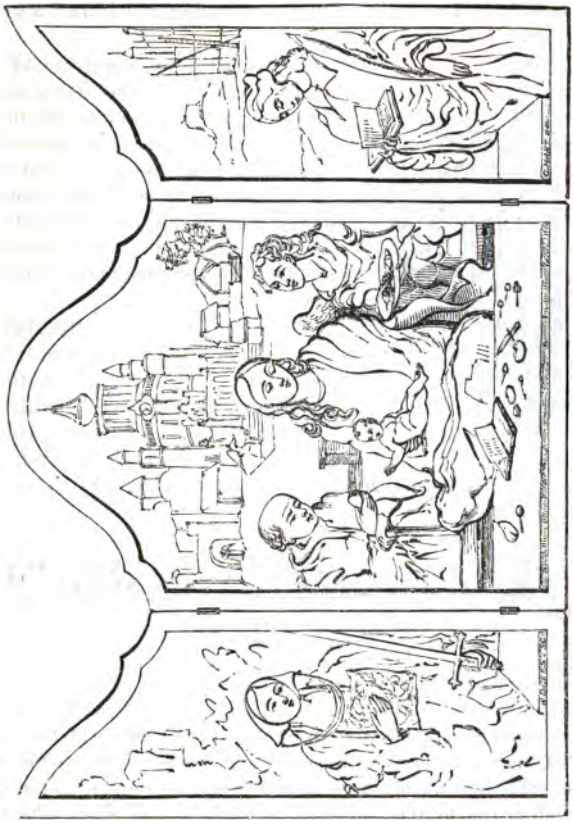
The Refectory adjoins the tower on the west side. Externally it is distinguished, from the domestic buildings beyond it, by its bold porch and flight of steps, and by its three perpendicular transomed windows, with intervening buttresses. In summer and autumn, it is further enriched with the luxuriant foliage of fig-trees, and the variegated hues of a Virginian creeper; which, in combination with the architectural details, enhance the general effect. Internally, although in a rougher state than might be wished, it conveys a good idea of a banqueting hall in the olden time. It is forty-five feet in length, twenty-four feet in breadth, and thirty-two feet in height, to the apex of the rafters. An open hearth occupies the centre of the chamber, after the fashion of an earlier age; and around the glowing embers of this central fire the ancient brethren still quaff their ale and sing their songs on gaudy-days. Occasions of this sort carry us back to days when, perhaps, the old walls resounded more frequently to the ringing laugh, or the jocund song; and again, to the times succeeding the Restoration of the Monarchy, when the "bottles of sack" formed a somewhat important item in the steward's account. The minstrels' gallery remains over the screen.

> "Merry it is in halle to hear the harpe,
> The minstrelles synge, the jogelours carpe."

But the chief feature is the fine open-timbered roof, which is in good preservation. It is in four bays; and has not, like most of the other woodwork, been painted white. There is no wall-wainscotting remaining in the hall, except at the upper end, where the raised dais and high table continue as in days of yore. This end of the hall is enriched with a curious and valuable specimen of an ancient Flemish triptych, of which an outline is given.

It represents the holy family in the central compartment; and, on either side, St. Katharine and St. Barbara. The latter is distinguished by a tower, in which her father Dioscorus, a heathen of Hierapolis, is said to have immured her. St. Katharine is known by the wheel provided for her execution, and by a sword in her left hand. This painting on panel has been attributed to Albert Dürer. There is, however, no conclusive evidence of its authorship; nor of the circumstances under which it came into the possession of the Hospital. Of its real excellence a connoisseur thus writes:—"The triptych in the refectory at St. Cross,

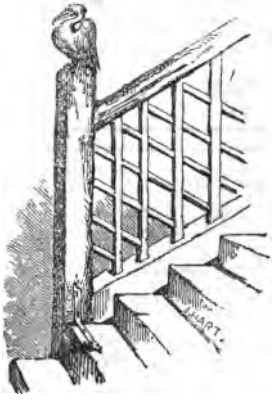
to my small experience, seems one of the most beautiful pictures extant." *



TRIPTYCH IN HALL.

*A similar painting, on very old oak, has been for generations preserved in the family of the Rev. A. Earle, Vicar of West Alvington, Devon. He describes the side figures and central composition as identical; but the back-ground as different. His picture, he says, has always been considered to be a Lucas Cranach. This eminent German painter was a contemporary of Albert Dürer. He was born in A.D. 1472, and died in A.D. 1553.

The original stained glass, in the upper lights of the windows, deserves notice. The royal arms are represented bordered, and surmounted by the Cardinal's hat, from which depend the strings and tassels. The words of the surrounding motto are "a honor et lyesse."



HAND-RAIL.

Annexed is an engraving of the hand-rail to the stone stairs, which give access from the refectory to the Founder's chamber, or muniment room, over the gateway. And from the pelican, the well-known emblem of Bishop Fox, which surmounts the lower post, we may assign this alteration of the original arrangement to A.D. 1503.*

Robert Sherborne, after Bishop of Chichester, was master at this period. His favourite motto,—"*Dilexi Sapientiam,*" (with his initials "R.S." and the date, 1503,) is represented in the woodcut. It is found over the fire-place in the porter's lodge, and in several other places.



MOTTO OF SHERBORNE.

On ordinary occasions, the brethren assemble in hall to receive their hot dinners, on Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, at twelve o'clock; and after grace has been said, and the meat carved, each brother is accustomed to carry his share to his own room. At eight o'clock each morning in the summer, and at nine in winter, the brothers assemble in hall for their daily allowance of beer. They generally appear in good time, with beer-can in hand, each wearing his gown and cross. And it is pleasant to

* "The primitive ladders, by which formerly the solars, or upper chambers, were approached, were now discarded for staircases of a goodly size, flanked with curiously carved banisters of oak."—*Parker's Domestic Architecture of England in XV. Century.*

hear their morning salutations, or to see them chatting in little groups on the porch steps, waiting till the bell summons them into hall. Under the hall is a crypt, with a central shaft supporting its vaulted roof; this makes an excellent beer cellar. An illustration is here given of the old black leathern jacks, in which the beer was once drawn. The candlesticks and salt cellars are ascribed to Cardinal Beaufort.



OLD LEATHERN JACKS AND CANDLESTICKS.

Beyond the hall, and approached by a sloping passage, is the Hospital kitchen, a fine, lofty room, furnished with every convenience for cooking on a large scale; not with the now almost universal closed range, but with a huge open grate, of ample size to roast a whole sheep, if required.

Next to the hall is the Master's residence, which is spacious and convenient, with a very pleasant entrance hall, partially panelled in oak. The rooms on the principal floor are large and lofty; and the long corridors, with deeply recessed casements in the thickness of the wall, some of them ornamented with the remains of ancient painted glass, have a singular air of quaintness and antiquity. Some of the windows have been enlarged, at a comparatively recent period; but, with this exception, it presents externally precisely the same peculiar features as the portion now appropriated to the brethren, out of which it has evidently been constructed, at a period subsequent to the original building.*

* Dolman, in his *Examples of Ancient Domestic Architecture*, remarks:—"On careful examination of the plans, the author has ascertained that were the buildings completely restored,—(the Master's house and other portions, as they at present exist, indicating considerable departure from the original arrangement,)—there is accommodation for exactly the number of inmates provided by Cardinal Beaufort."

The Rooms of the Brethren.

THESE occupy the west side of the quadrangle. Their external aspect has been already represented with the view of the church. The long range of roof, covering the refectory, the Master's residence, and the brothers' rooms, is carried from Beaufort's tower round the north and west sides of the inner court at the same level: but the monotony of this arrangement is pleasantly varied by the chimneys. The design of this portion of the building is exceedingly simple, and consists of square-headed windows without tracery, low arched doorways, and a range of chimney-projections with high octagonal shafts. Each dwelling comprises a sitting room, bed room, scullery, and closet, and is very compactly planned. The back closets are externally arranged as a series of gabled projections towards the gardens; and, like the chimneys on the other side, very happily vary the otherwise unbroken line of the elevation. The lockburn, a clear and rapidly flowing watercourse, conveyed from the river Itchen, to which it returns at some distance from the buildings, runs beneath these projections, and immediately carries off all impurities. This sanitary arrangement is simple and effective.

Before any restoration was commenced in the church, the attention of the Master and Trustees was directed to this portion of the building, and to the increased comfort of the aged inmates. Two sets of rooms, one on the ground floor and one above, were, at a considerable cost, fitted up as model rooms. In the other sets, where less costly improvements were effected, stone sinks were placed in the sculleries, and ranges with ovens in the sitting rooms, for all who were desirous to have them. The outer doors, opening to the quadrangle, were in a most unsatisfactory condition: in two cases, oak doors of substantial workmanship and handsome design have been already substituted. The pent-house coverings over these outer doors are in worse condition than the doors themselves; and only remain until they can be replaced by some better arrangement. The central doorway of the seven leads to the common pump, and to the garden allotments of the fraternity. The brothers take the most lively interest in their garden, which has a good wall, and is very productive.

The Ambulatory.

On the east side of the quadrangle is an exceedingly picturesque range of buildings, which unites that portion of the structure adjacent to Beaufort's tower, with the church. These buildings comprise a covered way, or ambulatory,* communicating directly with the north transept of the church; and a gallery above, divided into a series of narrow chambers opening into each other. It has been conjectured that the gallery formed part of the Hospital infirmary. This, however, may admit of considerable doubt.

At Thornby Castle, Gloucestershire, there was a passage arrangement, of cloister below and gallery above, leading to the church. A short quotation from *Parker's Domestic Architecture of England* may interest the reader, and throw some light upon the subject. He describes—"A fair cloister, or walk, paved with brick, over which is a fair large gallery leading to the parish church of Thornby, at the end whereof is a room with a chimney, and a window looking into the said church, where the Duke (of Buckingham) sometimes used to hear service in the same church."

That the gallery at St. Cross, as well as the ambulatory, was used for a communication with the church is beyond doubt; for the window at the end of it had been cut and altered into a passage-way leading into another gallery inside the church, and extending all across the north transept. The clearest evidence of the former existence of such an inner galley was found, at the time of the recent restoration, by the fact that the stonework had been cut away at regular intervals to receive the timbers which supported it. The height of this gallery, and of the wooden structure or second gallery which covered it, is still marked by two stone corbels, one immediately above the other, in the wall of the north transept, between the end windows. From this inner gallery the large wall-painting of the descent from the Cross, at the end of the opposite transept, must have been distinctly visible. It is not improbable that the painting was expressly designed and executed for the benefit of those who once occupied this position.

* This existing ambulatory is totally distinct from the ancient southern cloister, which once communicated with the opposite transept, and connected the church with buildings which have disappeared centuries ago.

The Park, Meadows, and Gardens.

Immediately south of the Hospital, and separated only by a dwarf wall and iron railing, on the site of the former buildings which were pulled down by Dr. Lockman in the last century, is a spacious meadow called the park. It is well studded with trees, and reaches to the banks of the Itchen. The footpath to Twyford crosses the park. An extensive rookery is being gradually formed here: the birds first began to build thirteen years ago, and have added to the number of their nests year by year ever since. When the grass is mown the haymakers claim a "jack of beer" from the Hospital, which is provided by immemorial custom. When such an event occurs as the falling or cutting down of a tree, the brethren are entitled to the top and lop; and the whole community is astir until the fallen hero is dismembered, and his leafy spoils equally divided. Some of the brothers fall to work vigorously for themselves; others, from age or inexperience, act by deputy; but the oldest and most infirm members of the fraternity survey the field of action, if they can do no more than offer advice; and, at last, the senior brother decides that the lots are fairly apportioned. This decision being acquiesced in, the next thing is to convey the lots to their own wood-stores; and the two Hospital barrows are in great requisition. The Master has often seen an aged brother on these occasions shouldering a huge log which, even allowing that it could be brought within the category of "top and lop," seemed almost too great a weight for four-score and over. But it is astonishing what fresh youth old limbs can assume at times like these.

Divided from the park by a low fence, is the quiet little cemetery; wherein many of the brothers rest from their labours, in the blessed hope of a joyful resurrection. It is a peaceful, bright, and sunny spot; and is endeared to the living occupants of the Hospital as a hallowed resting-place, not only of the long-buried dead of past generations, but of personal friends whom they have known and loved. Perhaps nothing presents a truer test of the changed and improved tone of feeling amongst the brethren, than the ideas they cherish in regard to this little churchyard. Thirteen years ago no burial had taken place in it within

the memory of living men. Some brothers were buried in St. Faith's ground; a few in a little plot eastward of the church; some were carried to the Winchester cemetery; still more seem to have been taken to the places whence they came: and the late Master remembers well, when he first came, being entrusted by more than one brother with directions as to the prospective place of his interment, elsewhere. There had been widely prevalent an unsettled and uncomfortable feeling in respect to their abode while living; and dying they had no wish to leave their bones in a place which they had scarcely felt to be their real home. But the "long winter of their discontent" was drawing to a close; elements of discord no longer existed to disturb the harmony of the place; the senior brother (Charles Matthews), who died just at that time, expressed a wish that he should be buried on the spot; and now, for the burial of an inmate to take place elsewhere, is a rare exception. There is no wish, on the part of the brethren, to be separated in death from a spot where they have passed the closing days of life in freedom from worldly anxieties, and in peaceful preparation for their expected change. (Job xiv, 14.)

The footpath to the east of the church leads the pedestrian, from the park through "pigeon-house mead," in the direction of Winchester College. This meadow derives its name from a very large pigeon-house which formerly stood at the north-east corner of the Master's garden, but is now only to be traced in a semicircular bend of the garden-wall at that corner. From the next stile northward, a very good view is obtained of the church, and a portion of the Hospital buildings, including Beaufort's tower. The landscape is enhanced by the intervening foliage of the garden, which lies to the east of the ambulatory, and is described, in the early part of the last century, during the rule of Dr. Markland, as adorned with evergreens and watered by a canal. It is spacious and fruitful; and capable of great improvement when circumstances permit.

Some of the meadows and closes immediately adjacent to the Hospital were leased out, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to the great inconvenience of the Master and brethren. Since then, the home property has always been kept in hand, or let from year to year at its proper value, for the due maintenance of the establishment.

The reader has now been conducted through the Hospital-buildings, and around the contiguous premises; he has surveyed

the gardens, and walked in the park; he can still stroll, if he please, under the shade of the elms and along the smooth bank of the beautiful Itchen, as far as the water-mill. And after he has seen the swans, and refreshed himself, on his return, with travellers' fare at the Porter's lodge, he may like to ask some questions as to the future prospects of the Institution.



CORPORATE SEAL OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS.

We cannot entertain a doubt that St. Cross is destined, in the providence of God, to be far more extensively useful than it ever yet has been; and that it will be made to realise, in a much greater degree, the benevolent designs of its noble Founders. The question is really one of time. Time is required. Not merely time to mature wise plans; but, especially in this instance, time to allow leases to fall in, and financial difficulties to right themselves. From the nature of the case, it is a race of lives against lives; and many of the lives upon the existing leases are comparatively quite young. Meanwhile, they who can hardly hope to behold the consummation may live to see the dawn, they who cannot expect to complete the edifice may lay the foundation, and plan the superstructure. At least, each year is bringing the day of restitution nearer; and rendering it more important for the friends and managers of St. Cross to be prepared with well digested measures for the future.

The Provisional Scheme for Management.

A "SCHEME for the interim management of the Hospital," was approved by the Court, on the 22nd June, A.D. 1855; and slightly modified on the 20th March, A.D. 1857. It is expressly stated

that "this Scheme is intended to be a temporary one; and shall in no way prejudice the claims of the Almshouse of Noble Poverty." And that, "when, by the falling in of the existing leases of the charity property, or otherwise, the income shall be increased to a sum which, in the opinion of Her Majesty's Attorney-General, shall make it desirable that a new or further scheme should be settled for the due administration of the charity, application shall be made to the Court for that purpose."

It is one of the main features of the scheme, which it shares in common with other schemes for the regulation of similar charities,* that "The charity, and the property thereof, shall be under the management and control of Trustees."† The duties of the Trustees, as to the charity property, are thus defined:—"The lands and buildings of the charity, except the buildings within the precincts of the Hospital, shall from time to time be let and demised at the best annual rent or rents that can reasonably be obtained for the same; either from year to year, or for any term or number of years not exceeding twenty-one years in possession, and not in reversion; and without taking any fine, or premium, on the making of any such demise."

This clause furnishes an opportunity for giving a brief explanation of the present impoverished circumstances of the Hospital; and of the reason why, with large revenues in prospective, the present administrators of the charity have to deal with such straitened resources. The main source of income to previous masters was derived from the enormous fines which were paid on the renewal of leases of the Hospital property for three lives. And the annual rents, reserved for the maintenance of the Hospital, and payable during the continuance of the leases, were small in proportion. The larger the fine, the smaller the rent.

* Compare, for instance, a "Scheme for the management and regulation of the Hospital of God, in Greatham, in the county palatine of Durham;" approved by the High Court of Chancery, 31st July, 1866.

† The present Trustees are—

Ex-officio. The Master of the Hospital	Viscount Eversley
The Dean of Winchester	Lord Northbrook
The Mayor of Winchester	Sir Wm. Heathcote, Bart.
The Warden of Winchester College	Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq.
The Rector of Compton	C. W. Benny, Esq.
	Major Lowth
	W. Barrow Simonds, Esq., M.P.
	Julian B. Yonge, Esq.

But the Earl of Guilford, the then master, renewed leases on these terms, and received his fines, to the very last moment; leaving the present managers of the Institution the burden of paying the heavy remainder of chancery costs, (amounting to many thousands sterling,) and of maintaining the existing establishment on an efficient footing, with no income whatever beyond what is received from these reserved rents. Under such circumstances, and with such additional liabilities, one or two fines would have been of the greatest value. But any such renewal was absolutely forbidden by the Court, that there might be no further impediment to the earliest possible expiration of the old leases. And not only was Beaufort's advowson of Crondall sold, to aid in paying off the costs, but a large sum of money was borrowed for the same purpose.

The conclusion of the Scheme deals with the brethren, and the hundred-hall poor. The brethren are to receive their usual rations, a weekly payment in money of five shillings each, and their cloth gowns yearly. But the trustees have an option,—"if they shall think fit, to abolish the system of supplying them with food, etc.; and they shall, in such case, pay to each brother a certain fixed stipend, not less than £30, and not exceeding £40 per annum, by weekly instalments, in lieu of all such allowances and payments, excepting the gowns as aforesaid." The brethren are maintained at De Blois' original number of "thirteen." They are to be poor and impotent men, having attained the age of fifty years at the least, and not in receipt of parochial relief. The hundred-hall poor are continued "for the present," far below their ancient number. But here, likewise, the intention is to order things on a more liberal scale, whenever funds permit.

The property of "Noble Poverty," remains distinguishable to a great extent from the original endowments of St. Cross, and it is the expressed design of the Court to settle a scheme for the revival of that portion of the charity, when, by the falling in of the existing leases, or otherwise, there shall be an available income sufficient to render such a step possible.

Meanwhile, the guardians of this most deeply interesting charity are making the best of the existing means at their disposal, and eagerly desiring the time when they shall be enabled to enlarge its numbers, and extend its usefulness.

Environs of Winchester.

FROM the Park of St. Cross, we have a delightful view of St. Catherine's Hill, from which it is separated by several branches of the meandering Itchen. Its summit is crowned with a clump of trees, and its sides indented with a deep military ditch, backed by a mound of proportionable height, which probably formed a Danish encampment, or the *castrum æstivum* for the Roman legionaries stationed at Venta. On the top of this hill was a chapel of St. Catherine, the endowments of which were seized by Wolsey, for the benefit of his colleges at Ipswich and Oxford. Here, also, is to be seen the famed Miz-maze, sculptured, says tradition, by the youth to whom is ascribed the song of *Dulce Domum*.

"Pause, traveller, upon this tree-crowned hill,
And see where England's capital of old
Lies in yon vale, a royal city still,—
Within its mouldering walls thou mayest behold
The tomb of empires: there did Druids hold
Their gloomy reign of mystery, and fill
The land with terror,—Rome did there unfold
Her eagle banner, and ruled and taught her skill
In arts and arms; and in that city long
Uther with many a brave Armoric knight
Held court and tourney, and waged ceaseless fight
With Saxons who next raised their empire strong,
Shaken but not o'erthrown, by Norman or Dane,
Whose graves alone yon Saxon walls retain."—C.W.

Returning to Winchester by the Southampton road, we perceive on the right, a short distance from the gate, the churchyard of the parish of St. Faith, in which once stood a church of great importance. Directly opposite to this, towards the west, is a road leading to the churchyard of St. James', by which the Society of St. Cross made their procession to it. On the east side of the road, before entering the City, is a house called the Friary, being the site of the church and convent of the friars or hermits of St. Augustine. A little farther on, near Canon-street, is the spot on which stood the south gate of the City. The lane leading from this, westward, is that by which the Cathedral monks made

their procession to St. James'. Up this lane we will bend our course, and enjoy the prospect the ancient City affords while standing on the newly-erected terrace above. From St. James' terrace the view is remarkably pretty. Right before us lay the magnificent Cathedral, reposing in silent grandeur, with its long-drawn aisles and ponderous tower of Walkelin at the intersection. By its side rises in agreeable contrast the beautifully crocketted pinnacles of Warden Thurbern, on the tower of the College chapel. While opposite is St. Giles' Hill, so famous in ancient time for its fair, first granted by William the Conqueror, which, in the time of Henry II, continued for sixteen days, during which time the mayor of the City gave up the keys of the four city gates, and with them his authority to a temporary magistrate appointed by the bishop,—hence the poet:—

> "The mayor is scorned,—no suppliant that day
> Humbly implores his worship to look gay;
> His keys are wrested from him, and his gown,
> Stripped from his back, no longer awes the town."



The Castle.

ADOWN the valley through which the silver Itchen winds its sinuous course, amid groves beneath whose shade the hoary Druid once performed his horrid rites, we perceive, in all the beauty of repose, the far-famed church of St. Cross, flanked by the majestic hill of St. Catherine, so well remembered by every Wykehamist, in his reminiscence of early youth; for "who," observes a contemporary writer, "that has ever seen Winchester, can forget that hill—the ancient Danish encampment, with the clump of stunted trees on its summit; its maze or labyrinth, said to have been cut in the turf by a wretched scholar of former days, condemned, for some dire offence, to pass the holidays in sad and solitary confinement at school; with the deep trench around its waist; the huge chalk-pit gaping in its sides; and the clear river running at its foot?" While, to the west of the valley, stands the memorable Oliver's Battery, on which the sanguinary Cromwell levelled his artillery at the "White City's" sheen. Far in the distance, beyond the wood, stream, and glade of the vale, may be

dimly seen the shipping of the Medina River, and, on a clear day, the tall white rocks of the neighbouring island, glittering in the sun, terminates this delightful prospect. From this terrace we have a commanding view of the Garrison, on the south parade of which stood, within the last fifty years, the ruins of the castle erected by William the Conqueror, the whole being surrounded with a deep military ditch; the latter filled up on the formation of the railway. The building which now forms so conspicuous an object was erected as a palace for Charles II, by Sir Christopher Wren; but the king dying before its completion, it was converted into a barrack, for which purpose it is in every way qualified. Beyond the barracks, to the north and east, we have a prospect similar in extent and beauty to that of the south. Close to the north end of the barracks is the western gable of the County hall, a building which has been the subject of much discussion among archæologists. Dr. Milner pronounces it to be a chapel erected by King Stephen; but later inquiries have proved that it was from the first a hall, the arrangement of its plan being foreign to that of an ecclesiastical edifice.

Descending from the terrace, and approaching the City gate, we observe, in the Obelisk, to the left, a mournful memento of the visitation the City experienced in 1669.



WESTGATE.

We have now arrived at the Westgate. This most perfect portion of our City fortifications is ascribed to King Stephen, about the year 1072. The main of the building might, doubtless, belong to that period, but the machicolation at the top, for throwing down burning embers on the besiegers, the grooves for the sliding of the herse or portcullis, the busts, the shields, and the general facing of the whole, is of a much later workmanship. On passing through the gate we perceive a door on the south side, which led to the keep of the tower, now used by the Corporation as a muniment room.

Having passed to the eastern side, we turn to the right, ascending to the Hall of the Castle, over what was once the foundation of this famous stronghold. This apartment, 111 feet in length, is divided by clustered columns into a nave and two aisles; but its beauty is utterly destroyed by the divisions that have been made at each end to form the assize courts. In the eastern court is suspended over the Judge's seat the famed Round Table of King Arthur and his twenty-

For Poem, *King Arthur's Table*, see end.



KING ARTHUR'S TABLE.

four Knights, which table Milner ascribes to King Stephen, being an introduction of that king to prevent disputes for precedency among his high-metalled barons; hence we see the position of the monarch by the portrait, bearing in his hands the orb and sword; the names of the knights are inscribed in the characters of the time of Henry VIII, when this table appears to have been last painted. It is perforated with many bullets, supposed to have been shot by Cromwell's soldiers.

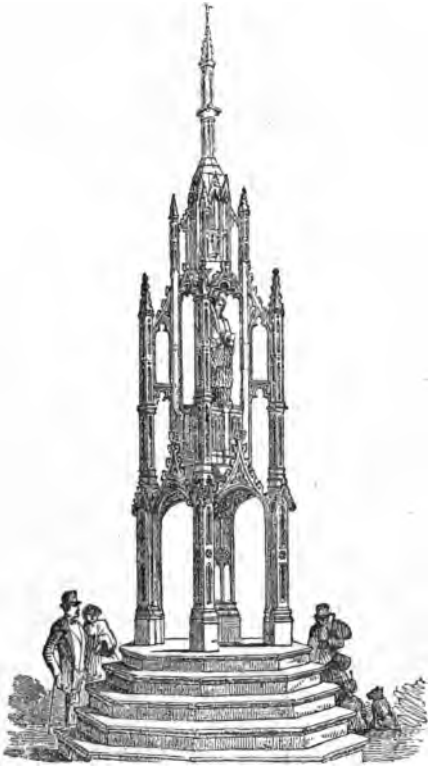
The High Street.

ON passing down the High-street, we see, on either side, sites teeming with interest, on which churches and chapels innumerable have raised their taper spires, or massive towers, whose history would fill whole volumes, and a mere outline of which would absorb our few remaining pages; we will, therefore, pass at once to the Town Hall, which, though a modern building, possesses features of interest; the most prominent of which is the huge clock, stretching far into the street. This, with the statue of Queen Anne, in the niche below it, was presented to the City by its Parliamentary representative, G. Bridges, Esq., in the year 1713. In the tower above hangs the bell, whose iron tongue, as at the command of the tyrannous Conqueror in days of yore, tolls forth the curfew at the hour of eight in the evening.

Lower down the High-street stands a monument of antiquity, which the ancient City had, at one time, well-nigh lost, namely, the City Cross. Astounding as it may appear, this venerable structure was actually sold at the latter end of last century to a Mr. Dummer of Bishop's Stoke, who was about to remove it to his pleasure ground, when the inhabitants drove away the workmen, and thus preserved it as an honour and an ornament to the City. From its style, it appears to be of the reign of Henry VI, who instituted a "fraternity of the Holy Cross," which erected many similar structures in different parts of the kingdom. The figure in the niche on the south side habited in the Roman costume, bears a palm branch—the token of a martyr—in his right hand, and a square mass

For Poem, *The City Cross*, see end.

resembling a book in his left. This was, doubtless, intended for St. Lawrence. The other three figures were inserted at the recent restoration of the fabric, and are intended to represent King Alfred the Great, Florence de Lunn, the first mayor of this City, and the immortal William of Wykeham.



THE CITY CROSS.

We pass down the High-street beneath the ancient Pent-house, interesting only from its associations and the idea it conveys of the domestic architecture of bygone days. Some of the houses which thus stretch into the street present remnants of ancient

barge or verge boards,—a predominating feature in buildings of the fifteenth century.

On the north side of the High-street, opposite the white castellated dwelling, called the Abbey, (from the site being that of St. Mary's Abbey, an establishment despoiled by Henry VIII,) stands the Hospital of St. John, which, from its records, was originally founded as a hospital by St. Brinstan in 934. It appears to have been destroyed at an early period; and, after many vicissitudes, was refounded by John Devenish, about 1300; on its dissolution, the Corporation obtained the bare walls only. In the reign of Queen Mary, 1554, it was a third time endowed by Richard Lamb, esquire, for the support of six poor widows. The ancient part of the building is still applied to the uses of the Corporation. The noble hall for public assemblies is 62 feet by 38 feet, and 28 feet high; this was fitted up in its present style chiefly by the liberality of Colonel Bridges. The chapel at the east end has been restored, and properly dedicated to its original purpose.

There is here little in actual existence that would tempt the curious in antiquarian or legendary lore, although every inch of ground teems with historic interest. As we stand in the High-street, we see to the east the bridge, first built of stone by the immortal Swithun; and, beyond it, the chalky brow of St. Giles' Hill, on whose summit was held the fair of which we have spoken; on it, also, once stood a church, dedicated to the saint whose name it bears; nothing at present remains save the churchyard. Adjoining this hill, on the downs to the east, stood the hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, founded at the end of the 12th century, by Bishop Toclyve, but nothing now marks the spot where it stood, the ruins having been sold in 1788. The western door was fortunately preserved, and forms the entrance to the Catholic Chapel, in St. Peter's-street; thither we will proceed, and inspect this interesting remnant of the venerable hospital. It is an excellent specimen of the Saxon style, well designed and wrought. On a stone over the arch is this inscription:—

D. O. M.
ÆDIFICAT: MCLXXIV.
AD
REÆDIFICAT: MDCCXCII.

To the gracious and supreme Deity.

Built / Rebuilt } In the year of our Lord { 1174 / 1792

Inside the portal may be seen one of the famed Druidical stones with which the City abounds. That before us was, in all probability, a Cromlech or Altar-stone. The hole into which the cavities discharge themselves being intended to retain a certain quantity of blood from the victim,—this being used for different purposes of religion or augury.

Not far from hence, in Hyde-street, is the site of the once famous Abbey, founded by the immortal Alfred, in 890, and erected by him in close proximity to the cathedral on the north. The situation having become unhealthy, and its contiguity to the cathedral inconvenient to both communities, it was removed hither in 1110; and hence, also, were the relics of their saints, and remains of its illustrious founder, with those of other eminent persons, translated by the monks in solemn procession.

The Abbey thus founded was burnt to the ground in the civil war in 1139. It was, however, rebuilt with increased magnificence in the reign of Henry II, and soon became one of the most distinguished monasteries in the kingdom, continuing to flourish in a superior degree till its suppression in 1537.

Nothing now remains of this ancient monastery except the building to the north of the gateway, which was probably the Abbot's hall. The threshold is composed of one Druidical stone, near eleven feet in length, which is supposed to have formed the support of a tolmen.

The parish church to the left of the entrance shows in part an antiquity as high as the first foundation of the Abbey. This church did not form any part of the Abbey itself, but, like the parish church of St. Swithun with respect to the Cathedral, was intended for the benefit of the servants and other lay-persons belonging to the monastery.



Christ's Hospital.

WE must not omit to notice that valuable institution, standing pre-eminent among the many charities with which this City abounds, namely, Christ's Hospital, situate at the south-west corner of Symond's-street. It was founded by Peter Symonds, in the year 1607, for the maintenance of one matron, six poor

men, and four boys; in addition to which he left funds for the support of two poor scholars at the Universities, as explained by the following inscription in the court:—

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.
Which was founded in the year of our Lord, 1607,
By PETER SYMONDS, a Native of Winchester, and
afterwards a Mercer in the City of London.
The Endowments of this House are applied to the
Maintenance of Six Old Men, One Matron, and Four Boys;
And also to the Assistance of One Scholar
In each of the Two English Universities.
The Name
Of such a Benefactor
Is remembered with gratitude
by Posterity.

The dress of the old men is peculiarly interesting, as exhibiting the fashion of the times at the foundation of the Hospital; it is similar in form to that of the "Brethren" at St. Cross, but of a light blue, surmounted by a flat cap of the same material and colour; it is, moreover, valuable as a visible link of the manners and customs of ancient days.

Near the Chapel of the Guardian Angels, at the eastern extremity of the Cathedral, is the gravestone of the benevolent founder, whose epitaph, though much defaced, concludes in the following terms:—

"His merit doth inherit life and fame:
For whilst this City stands, Symonds his name
In poor men's hearts shall never be forgotten;
For poores prayers rise, when flesh lies rotten."

Conclusion.

IN conclusion, to quote the words of a former writer, "It has been remarked, that the Winchester of to-day is the Winchester of centuries; that in threading its narrow streets, in contemplating the remains of its ancient fortifications, in viewing the ruins of the works of the early kings of England, and in beholding, in all its splendour, the erections of those high-minded and magnificent prelates, Walkelin, Edington, and Wykeham, the

visitor is reminded of the days of Winchester's greatness, which were, but are not. But the Winchester of to-day is *not* the Winchester that was. Where now are its native kings, its regal pageants, its Alfred, its Edgar, its Williams, its Edwards, and its Henrys, who delighted to do honour to the place of their nativity, or the seat of their ancestors? Where are its princely prelates; its noble palaces? Winchester of to-day is *not* the Winchester of yesterday, but in the sombreness of its streets, in the sobriety of its buildings, and in the absence of all that gaiety which distinguishes an old from a modern town—only in this *is* Winchester as it *was;* but Winchester is as it should be—as its situation, in reference to the rest of the kingdom, destined it to be; and no effort of its population can cause it to be other than the steadily progressing capital of a large agricultural district.

"During the reign of the Third George, Winchester was occasionally visited by that monarch; it has also been the residence of some of the royal family, for short periods, who resided in one or other of the prebendal houses in the Close. But with Charles the Second all hope of Winchester again becoming a regal city ceased; and, indeed, it may be said, in all its historical consequence also. Battles fought near its walls, its sieges, the deeds of its knightly mayors and warlike citizens, have not now to be recorded; and Winchester's—'old Winchester's'—tale, since the time of Charles, is told almost in as few words as it has, since that time, numbered years."





Hursley, Ampfield, & Otterbourne

By J. Brewer Moor.

The Visitor, having inspected the principal objects of interest in Winchester and its immediate neighbourhood, is advised to make an excursion to these four places, which will ever be associated with the memory of the Author of *The Christian Year:* namely, Hursley, his Vicarage and Home; Otterbourne, his Rectory; Ampfield, a District Parish formed out of the parish of Hursley; and Pitt, an outlying Chapelry.

Having proceeded up High Street, and passed through the ancient Westgate, the visitor will leave the Barracks on the left, and ascend the hill upon which are situated the County Prison on the right, and the Royal Hants County Hospital on the left. This last-named building, which was erected from a design by W. Butterfield, Esq., and affords accommodation for 102 patients, may well be regarded as a model Hospital, no trouble or expense having been spared to render it *perfect* as regards the purpose for which it was built. It was opened for the reception of patients on the 5th of August, 1868.

The extensive hill upon which these buildings are situated bears the name of Battery Hill, from the fact of Cromwell having battered the town from thence. On the southern slope of the hill, just below the Hospital, may be noticed the Diocesan Training College for School Masters, which was erected about the year 1860, previous to which the old episcopal palace at Wolvesey had served the purpose.

Proceeding westward towards Romsey, the visitor will soon enter the parish of Hursley. Having descended a steep hill, he will notice at a little distance from the high road on the right hand side, very near the second milestone from Winchester, a tastefully built Chapel, which was erected in the year 1858, by Miss Yonge, Author of *The Heir of Redcliffe*, at a cost of about £800, from a design by Mr. Butterfield. It was intended to be used as a day and Sunday school as well as a Chapel, but it is now employed only for the latter object, the school being kept in the cottage close by, which was erected for the schoolmaster "by the * joint exertion of several contributors." The little Chapel is well worthy of the inspection of the visitor. The walls are composed of flint with brick and stone dressings: there is a cross worked in the south wall, and another is formed by the timber of the roof over the porch. The well proportioned east window is decorated with some stained glass which had been originally intended for insertion in the east window of Otterbourne Church. The service in this chapel is performed by the clergy of Hursley, and used often to be taken by Mr. Keble.

Having inspected Pitt Chapel, the visitor will ascend a somewhat steep hill, on the other side of which he will descend a long gentle slope, and on his right hand he will see (at a distance of about 5 miles) Farley Mount with its stone monument, which was erected to commemorate an extraordinary leap of a favorite horse belonging to one of the St. John family. Having descended the hill, the visitor will notice the peculiar form of the edge of the Down on the left, called "Nan Trodd's Hill," which, though a natural formation, looks, from its formal character, like a work of art. Juniper and yew trees are found here in great profusion; and the botanist will be repaid by a search on the Downs and in the adjoining woods, where he may find many varieties of *Orchis*, together with abundance of *Monotropæ*, *Ophris*, *Epicpactis*, *&c.*

About half a mile from the bottom of the hill, is situated the small hamlet of Standon. Here the high road turns somewhat to the left, and on the right is a lane leading to Braishfield, Farley, etc., called (probably from its roughness on the principle of *Lucus à non lucendo*) "Feather-bed lane," near to which

* See *Memorials of Rev. J. Keble*, second edition, page 147. Many of the facts mentioned here will be found there, together with notes on various places of interest, and a memoir of Mr. Keble; the work is profusely illustrated with exquisite photographs and woodcuts.

(within Hursley park, which it skirts) are the ruins of Merdon castle, which was formerly the palace of the Bishops of Winchester, having been built for that purpose about 1138, by Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen, and founder of the Hospital of St. Cross. It was a very strongly fortified castle, and therefore well fitted as a place of defence during the wars between King Stephen and the Empress Maude, who at that time held the Castle at Winchester. These ruins are on high ground with a gentle slope towards the south, overlooking the present mansion, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. The manor, which still retains the ancient name of Merdon, is nearly co-extensive with the parish of Hursley. It is said to have been granted to the Church which he founded at Winchester by Kinegyls, king of the West Saxons, upon his conversion to Christianity in the year 636, and to have remained in possession of the Bishops of Winchester until it was surrendered to the crown by Bishop Poynet, and granted by Edward the VI to Sir Philip Hobby, Knight. It afterwards passed through other families into the hands of the Cromwells, who sold it in 1718 to William Heathcote, Esq., who was afterwards created a Baronet. He pulled down the house in which the Cromwells had lived, and erected the present spacious mansion, which is in a style resembling that of Blenheim, and other seats of the nobility of about that date. There are at Merdon many large yew trees, and there is the old castle well, which is said to exceed in depth the celebrated one at Carisbrooke, and in which various relics of antiquity have been discovered. But to proceed on our journey towards the village of Hursley. A little past the Standon turnpike the visitor will notice, on the left, a large and picturesque chalk-pit, which is memorable for a characteristic event in the life of the venerated Author of *The Christian Year*. It is well known that Mr. Keble, throughout his life, was most sincere and earnest in his attachment to the CHURCH OF ENGLAND, and that he not only deeply lamented the secession of many friends to the Church of Rome, but that he was instrumental in retaining in our Church many who were vacillating. The Rev. J. H. Newman, was a most intimate Oxford friend of Mr. Keble, and one to whom he was deeply attached. Mr. Keble was aware of his intention of joining the Roman communion, but he had no power to prevent that lamentable step. While he was anxiously waiting for tidings about the final resolution of his friend, a

letter, which he knew to be on that subject, reached him, and he, as soon as he could make up his mind to do so, resorted to the chalk-pit at Standon; and there, in uninterrupted solitude, he opened that letter which he knew would give much pain to his loving heart. He sought a place where he could pour out his grief in private, and find that comfort which he needed.



HURSLEY CHURCH, NEW.

Nearly opposite to that chalk-pit is one of the entrances to Hursley park, at which there is a picturesque lodge, shaded by tall elms and other fine trees, together with a good specimen of hemlock spruce (*Abies Canadensis*). Soon after passing this lodge, the visitor will see the light-grey stone spire of Hursley church, towering above the surrounding buildings on his right

hand; and in a few minutes he will find himself admiring that beautiful fabric which Mr. Keble raised, to the honour of God, out of the profits of *The Christian Year*, and of the *Lyra Innocentium*. The first sight of the building suggests the thought which the holy poet expressed in the words:—

"Three solemn parts together twine
In harmony's mysterious line;
Three solemn aisles approach the shrine:
Yet all are one—together all,
In thoughts that awe, but not appal,
Teach the adoring heart to fall."

The "three solemn parts" are, however, not quite of equal length, and the absence of stiff uniformity adds to the beauty of the building. There is something very peaceful and soothing in the quiet look of Hursley church and churchyard, even apart from the sacred memories attached to them. The tall lime trees, which are supposed to have been planted by Richard Cromwell, give a sombre appearance to the scene, and render a delightful fragrance when they are in blossom. They also form a pleasing contrast with the dark yew trees which are near them, while the pretty little vicarage, upon somewhat higher ground, on the west side, seems to keep watch over the church, and to be a kind of guard to the churchyard and all its numerous graves. This house was given to the living by Sir W. Heathcote, in 1842.



VICARAGE OF HURSLEY.

On the south side of the churchyard is situated the *old* vicarage, near to which is the mausoleum, belonging to the Heathcote family, and close by this is the grave of the Author of *The Christian Year*. The mortal remains of the departed saint rest between those of his dear wife, who gently fell asleep in Jesus

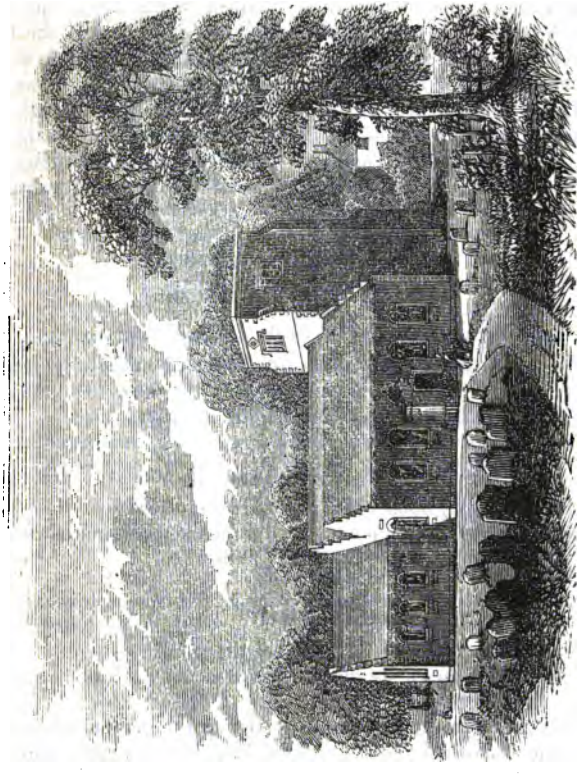
six weeks after him, and of his elder sister Elisabeth, who was taken to rest about five years and a half before him. A stone cross, after an Irish pattern, adorns the head of the sister's grave, but as yet there is nothing beyond the simple grassy hillocks, with their floral decorations, continually renewed by a loving hand, to mark the spot where rests all that is mortal of Mr. and Mrs. Keble. Those who knew and loved the holy man, (and who did *not* know something of him, at least by his writings? and who could know without loving him?) will pause awhile to meditate over these sacred graves, pouring out a silent prayer that his influence may tell for good throughout many an age as yet unborn, and that the remembrance of his holy life may tend to guide many towards that rest which he has entered eternally.

Close to these revered graves is the little gravel path leading from the vicarage garden to the south porch of the church, along which it was Mr. Keble's custom to take his daily walks for matins and evensong. Entering by the doorway at this porch, the visitor will first notice the beautiful font on his left hand; this font was presented by one, who, in retiring modesty, wishing his name to be unknown, caused the inscription containing it, to be made on the stonework at the bottom, and thus entirely concealed from the gaze of the curious. The font cover is a beautiful specimen of elaborate wood carving; it was executed at Cambridge about the year 1855, and presented to the church anonymously. Proceeding to the middle of the nave, the visitor looks around him, and his thoughts are rendered devotional by the subdued light streaming through the stained glass windows, and by the reverential character of the whole building. All in this beautiful church seems to speak to the devout mind of peace, and rest, and heaven, inclining each one who enters, to say in the words of the sacred poet himself:—

> "The saints are there—the living dead,
> The mourners glad and strong;
> The sacred floor their quiet bed,
> Their beams from every window shed,
> Their voice in every song."

The general proportions of the church are very like those of the old fabric, which Mr. Keble found on his presentation to the living in 1835; but the character of the church is totally changed. That former church, which had been erected about A.D. 1758, was very unsuited for the devout service of God, being fitted up with high pews, which painfully defied proper reverence

and devotion in the congregation. The tower being of substantial stone, was all that was worthy to stand, and that still remains, having been adorned with a beautiful spire, erected at the cost of about £800, by the much respected Baronet, who is the patron of the living. All the rest of the church was pulled down and



HURSLEY CHURCH, OLD.

rebuilt in 1848 on an extended plan at a cost of £6030, devoted by Mr. Keble for that object. The oak seats of the church are remarkably well adapted for kneeling without inconvenience as well as for sitting without discomfort, there being a convenient slope at the back, and a sufficiently wide kneeling board properly stuffed and covered with leather.

There is also, underneath the seats on the south side of the church (which is occupied by men, the women being on the north side, in accordance with the first Prayer book of Edward VI), a set of iron rods for the purpose of holding hats, an invention of Mr. Keble himself, well worthy of imitation. The altar-rails, lectern, pulpit, and stalls, are of polished walnut wood, and were, for the most part, presents from different individuals; the first-named having been given by Mr Harrison, the skilful Architect of the church. The roof is very handsome, and it shows out well, in consequence of the light which comes through the dormer windows in the nave, which were added a few years ago to give more light. There are "carved angels" forming the corbels of the roof, and reminding us of the beautiful words in the *Lyra Innocentium*:—

"Haply some shield their arms embrace,
Rich with the Lord's own blazonry;
The cross of His redeeming grace,
Or His dread wounds, we there descry.
His standard-bearers they:
Learn we to face them on the dread procession day."

The visitor must notice the words inscribed on the steps leading to the altar, formed by letters on encaustic tiles. On the first step, at the entrance of the chancel, the inscription is:—

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COMMANDMENTS, THAT THEY MAY HAVE RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE, AND ENTER THROUGH THE GATES INTO THE CITY.

On the next step, upon which the rails are placed:—

BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH DO HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTHOUSNESS: FOR THEY SHALL BE FILLED.

On the next:—

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN: FOR THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED.
BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART: FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD.

And on the foot-pace of the altar are the words:—

THINE EYES SHALL SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY; THEY SHALL BEHOLD THE LAND THAT IS VERY FAR OFF.

This arrangement is intended to signify the gradual advance of the true Christian towards a holy life, in accordance with the saying of an old writer.—"By these steps the ascent of the virtues is sufficiently made manifest, by which we go up to the altar, that is to Christ; according to the saying of the Psalmist, 'they go from virtue to virtue'."

In the pavement in the middle of the chancel, upon the exact spot on which the remains of the Author of *The Christian Year*

rested, during the celebration of the Holy Communion and the funeral service, on the day of his burial, which took place on the 6th of April, 1866, there was placed, in the month of August, 1867, a flat stone of grey Derbyshire marble, inlaid with an ornamented brass cross, as shown in the accompanying engraving.

This is the Parishioners' memorial to their lamented Vicar. It was designed by W. Butterfield, Esq., and executed by Messrs. Waller, of Balsover street, Portland place, London.

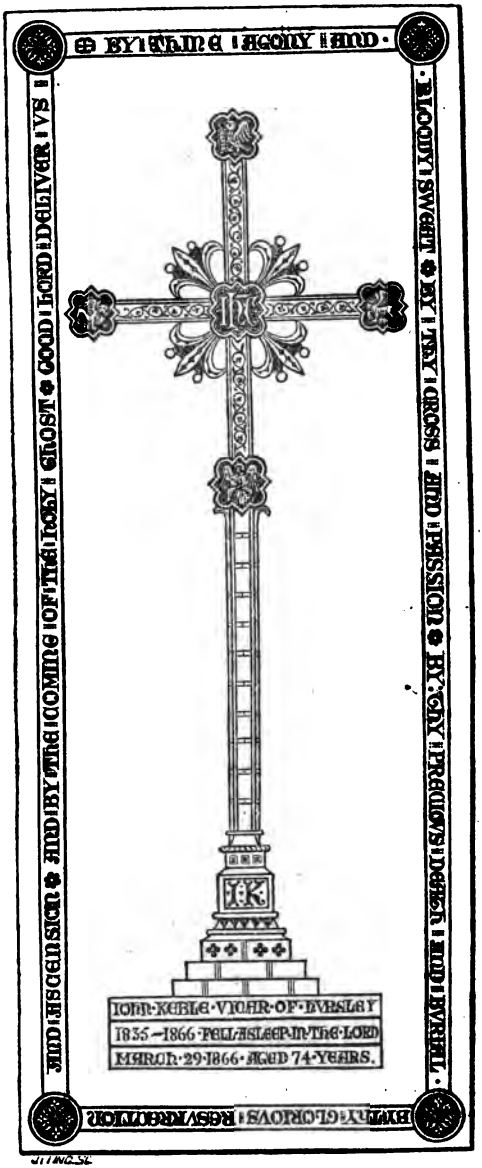
We must now notice the beautiful painted windows of the church, remembering that church windows are said to be symbolical of the "Holy Scriptures which expel the wind and the rain, that is all things hurtful, but transmit the light of the True Sun, that is God, into the hearts of the faithful." None of these windows were ready for the church on the day of its consecration, which was a matter of much regret to Mr. Keble; but they were erected at different times afterwards; most of them being gifts from various lovers of *The Christian Year* and its Author. One was given by Sir William and Lady Heathcote, another by the Marchioness of Lothian, and a third by the much lamented mother of the Baronet, who was a great benefactor to the parish in various ways.

In his inspection of these gorgeous windows (which were all the work of Mr. Wailes, of Newcastle) the visitor is advised to begin with the small west window which is under the tower. In this is represented (according to an ancient custom) the final judgment of the world. Our Lord is depicted rejecting the wicked, from whom He is turning away in wrath, and calling the righteous to be with Him for ever in glory; St. Michael is holding the scales to find out who are worthy to escape "the bitter pains of eternal death."

Those who have seen the Great Doom window at Fairford (supposed to have been designed by Albert Dürer) will think how natural it was for Mr. Keble to repeat in his own church the idea which was made familiar to him in his childhood, and which he expressed in the words:—

"Oh! Jealous God! how could a sinner dare
Think on that dreadful day,
But that with all Thy wounds Thou wilt be there,
And all our angel friends to bring Thee on Thy way."

Passing on to the west window of the north aisle, and proceeding up that side of the church, the visitor will observe that



MEMORIAL BRASS IN HURSLEY CHURCH.

subjects entirely from the Old Testament are there brought before him, including patriarchs, kings, prophets, etc. On arriving at the east window of the north aisle, he will notice a representation of the circumcision of our blessed Lord. The next in order is the central east window, the colouring of which is considered to be peculiarly soft and good. It represents the Crucifixion of Christ, with some of the attendant circumstances. Passing on to the east window of the south aisle, the visitor will see a representation of the Resurrection of our Lord; and, as he proceeds westward, he will observe that subjects from the New Testament, or from early church history, are brought to his notice, ending with the "Penitents' window," representing St. Peter and St. Mary Magdalene, near the font at the west end of the south aisle. Thus the beautiful and well arranged windows of Hursley church present the observer with an outline of Bible history, and afford to a devout mind much matter for holy meditation. Leaving the church with these on his mind, the visitor is advised to wander again slowly under the lofty lime trees, and, taking a farewell glance at the sacred Poet's grave, to pause at the lich-gate, which, with its ornamental cottage, was erected by Mr. Keble at the same time as the church, on land presented by the Baronet. Here the words of the *Lyra Innocentium* will come into the mind of the visitor who is lingering, loath to leave a place made sacred by its associations:—

"This is the portal of the dead,—
* * * * *
This is the holy resting-place,
Where coffins and where mourners wait,
Till the stoled priest hath time to pace
His path toward this eastern gate,
Like one who bears a hidden seal
Of pardon from a king, where rebels trembling kneel.
Brief is the pause, but thoughts and dreams
By thousands on that moment crowd,
Of clouds departing, opening gleams,
A waning lamp, a brightening shroud;
Such visions fill the longing eyes
As haply haunt the space 'twixt earth and paradise.
Such visions in the churchyard air
Are gleaming, fluttering all around.
O scare them not away: beware
Of bolder cry, and ruder bound,
Thick as the bees that love to play
Under the lime tree's leaves the livelong summer day,
And tuneable as their soft song,
And fragrant as the honey'd flowers

They haunt and cherish, is the throng
Of thoughts in their own hallowed bowers.
On every gale that stirs the yew
They float, and twinkle in each drop of morning dew.
Oh, then revere each old grey stone
And gently tread the mounds between."

Leaving the peaceful churchyard, and taking one last look at the tasteful vicarage, which was the Poet's home for thirty years, the visitor will look around him in the village street, and notice the air of comfort which prevails on all sides, marking the place as one well cared for by the loved and respected owner, and by the earnest pastors with which it has been favoured for many years. The schools for girls and infants near the church, and the boys' school-room, with village library attached, and master's residence close by it, are well adapted for their several requirements, and betoken the care of the liberal Baronet for the welfare of his labourers and other tenants. If the visitor should be disposed to refresh himself after his inspection of the church and village, he will find all needful comforts at the neat village inn, the name of which is suggestive of the former republican character of the place; the "King's Head," having allusion probably to the martyrdom of Charles the First, which took place just before the property passed into the hands of the Cromwells.

PROCEEDING along the Romsey road, and passing another of the lodges of Hursley park, the visitor, after a drive of nearly two miles, will reach Ampfield church. This church was built at a cost of £3248, defrayed entirely by Sir William Heathcote, Bart., who also gave the land for the churchyard. Entering this pretty graveyard by a small wicket at its south-east corner, the visitor will look with admiration at the choice evergreens and deciduous shrubs and trees which adorn it, giving it the appearance of a pleasure garden, especially during the months of May and June, when the flowering shrubs are in the height of their blossom.

Having proceeded along the wide gravel path to the door of the church, the visitor should pause to observe the distant view towards the south, embracing a considerable extent of country, including an outline of the Isle of Wight on the horizon, and part of the New Forest towards the south-west. Having obtained the key of the church from the post office, in the village close by, the visitor will enter by the porch, above which the vestry is situated, forming a kind of parvise. The architecture of the

church is chiefly in the early English style. The stonework of the large three-light west window was copied from one in Beverley Minster, whilst a window of Lincoln Cathedral formed the model for the four-light east window. The side windows are single lancets. The roof is massive and handsome, having heavy tie beams and braces, ornamented with mouldings of the Tudor date. There is a small aisle with a gallery on the north side. The eagle lectern, which is of oak, was copied from one in the church at Longparish. The pulpit, reading-desk, and altar-rails, are all of old oak, which was liberally given by an individual for the purpose. The stained glass of the east window was presented to the church about the year 1855, by the Rev. R. F. Wilson, M.A., the first Incumbent, who resigned in 1853, when the present Incumbent was appointed by Mr. Keble, who was the patron during his life-time. In the lower part of this window are represented four acts of our blessed Lord's humiliation, namely,—beginning from the north side,—first, His Agony in the Garden; second, Crucifixion; third, Burial; fourth, Bearing the Cross, with the words—

HE HUMBLED HIMSELF AND BECAME OBEDIENT UNTO DEATH, EVEN THE DEATH OF THE CROSS.

Above this are depicted four acts of His exaltation, namely—first, His Transfiguration; second, Resurrection; third, Sitting in Glory; fourth, Ascension, with the following inscription:—

WHEREFORE GOD HATH HIGHLY EXALTED HIM, AND GIVEN HIM A NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME.

In the middle of the upper six-lobed compartment of this window is a representation of a lamb with a nimbus, bearing a cross and banner. Below this on either side is a small quatrefoil filled with richly coloured gris-aile, with which also the lowest portion of the four large lights is adorned.

The window nearest to the pulpit, of which we give an engraving, was filled with stained glass in 1867, at a cost of £33, contributed by parishioners and others, in memory of Mr. Keble. It contains figures of St. John and St. Mark, with medallions below each figure, representing these two Evangelists engaged in writing, accompanied by their emblems—St. Mark with a winged lion, and St. John with an eagle. In the lowest medallion there is also a representation of the vision of the seven candlesticks, which is described in *Rev.* i. "One like unto the Son of Man" is depicted as "clothed with a garment down to the foot," having "in his right hand seven stars," and "a sharp two-edged sword



MEMORIAL WINDOW IN AMPFIELD CHURCH.

coming out of his mouth." The inscription at the bottom of the window is as follows:—

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THE REV. JOHN KEBLE, M.A., BORN ON ST. MARK'S DAY, 1792, CALLED TO REST, 29TH MARCH, 1866, THURSDAY IN HOLY WEEK.

The design was furnished gratuitously by W. Butterfield, Esq., and the work was executed by Mr. Wailes, who made the two other painted windows in this church and all those at Hursley, and who most liberally handed over £25 of the money paid for the window to the "Keble College" fund; although the charge which he made was very low, considering the richness of work.

The painted glass of the large west window of this church was erected soon after that of the east window, at the expense of Sir William and Lady Heathcote, and Mrs. Wilson, wife of the first Incumbent. It is descriptive of the final Judgment. There are three large lights, the middle one being considerably higher than the others, and proportionately wide. The painted glass comprises sixteen large medallions with numerous figures. In the lowest part of the middle light is represented the general Resurrection, the good and the wicked coming out of their graves; above that there are two angels with trumpets, and over them two angels bearing a cross. Then there is a representation of the blessed being called into heaven, with the inscription BENEDICTI, and the accursed driven to hell, with the word MALEDICTI. Above this our Lord is represented seated on a rainbow for the execution of judgment, with His right hand upheld in the act of benediction, and His left hand stretched out to reject the accursed. In the top of this light is represented the Holy Spirit descending in the form of a dove, together with six of the Heavenly Host. In the uppermost medallion of each side light the holy Apostles of our Lord are represented. The four lower groups on the south side represent acts of Faith, and the state of the blessed in the following order from the top:—first, the Souls of the Faithful in Abraham's bosom, an idea which is also carried out in the Percy shrine in Beverley Minster; second, the Good Samaritan; third, Job with his wife and friends; fourth, at the bottom, David slaying Goliath. The four corresponding groups on the north side, which are on the left hand of our Lord, represent evil actions and the damnation of the accursed, in the following order: first, the Damned dragged by the Devil into the flames of hell by means of a rope, with the gate of heaven closed against them;

second, the Rich Man faring sumptuously, and neglecting poor Lazarus, whose sores the dogs are licking at his gate; third, Annanias and Sapphira suffering condemnation; fourth, Cain, with his rejected sacrifice, slaying Abel. The whole forms a very effective and instructive specimen of a Doom window.

The visitor ought to notice the solidity of this church, it is so unlike in that respect to most which were built about the same period. The west wall in particular is exceedingly thick, and forms a very substantial support to the small spire (in which the two bells are hung) which was copied from the bell turret of the church of Leigh Delamere, in Wiltshire.

Having surveyed the interior of the church, the visitor will descend the steps near the door, and turning to the right at the bottom will find the drinking fountain, which was erected in 1845 by Sir William and Lady Heathcote, and a Miss Trench (now Mrs. R. F. Wilson) in remembrance of one seen by them during a tour which they made together in the Tyrol. The stonework of this fountain is surmounted by a wooden cross. Just above the iron spout, which discharges the water from the lead pipe conveying it from the spring in the plantation, is the following poetical inscription:—

"While cooling waters here ye drink,
Rest not your thoughts below;
Look to the sacred sign, and think
Whence living waters flow.
Then fearlessly advance by night or day—
The holy Cross stands guardian of your way."

Thus the traveller is reminded of the thirst which we all ought to have for heavenly things.

The idea of the last line will be found in the *Lyra Innocentium*, in the poem on the "Lifting up to the Cross" of the "new baptized" infant "to greet the Friend who for him died."

On the trough, into which the water runs, is the following inscription in German:—

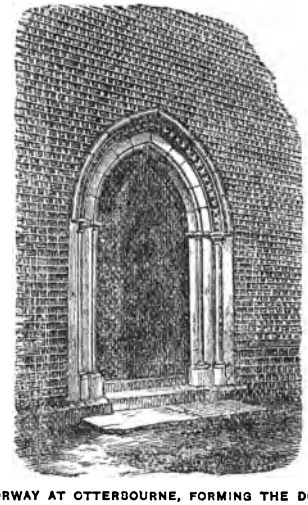
W. H: M. T: S. H:
Zur Erinnerung an
Heiliges Wasser
Tyrol
1845.

Just above the fountain there are tall hollies, over the dark tapering tops of which may be seen the little church spire,

surmounted by its slender metal cross, reminding us of Wordsworth's expression of the "silent finger" which points to heaven where there is no hunger nor thirst.

The principal part of the village of Ampfield is called Knapp, and is situated to the north of the church, from which it is separated by a thick plantation. The schools are in this part of the village, but the vicarage is close to the high road towards Romsey, a short distance to the west of the church. It is a small house which Sir William Heathcote gave to the living in 1844, and is pleasantly situated within a cheerful garden, having a fine view towards the south over a piece of water. A little further along the Romsey road may be seen Ampfield House, the property of the Rev. John White, B.A,, whose much respected father, Joseph White, Esq., who died in 1854, gave £500 towards the endowment of the church. This commodious house is at present in the occupation of General Sir Thomas Reed, K.C.B.

HAVING satisfied himself with his inspection of Ampfield, the visitor will have to retrace his steps, in the direction of Hursley,



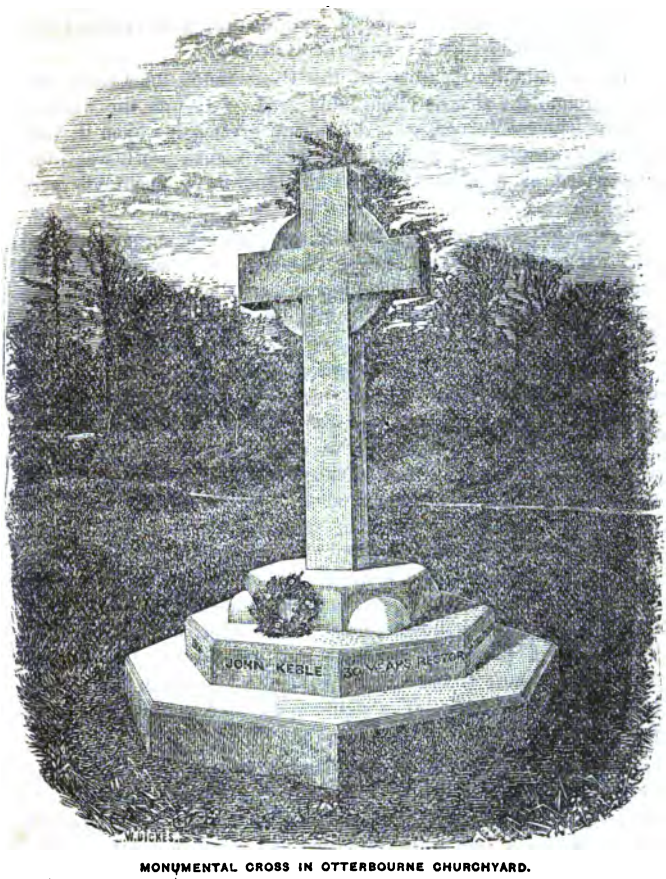
OLD SOUTH DOORWAY AT OTTERBOURNE, FORMING THE DOORWAY OF THE PRESENT BOYS' SCHOOL ROOM.

as far as the turn in the road leading to Otterbourne. Taking this turn he will find a beautiful but hilly drive, skirting Cranbury park, the seat of Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq. The house may be seen on the left of the road, about a quarter of a mile from it, and about three and a half miles distant from Ampfield. Having passed the extensive grounds of Cranbury, the visitor will find himself at the top of Otterbourne hill, on the high road between Southampton and Winchester. This hill commands a view of considerable extent, in the direction of Southampton towards the south-west, extending to the Isle of Wight, and of Winchester towards the east. On descending the hill, the noble lime tree avenues of Brambridge house will be seen on the right, and farther on, at a distance of about two miles, the modern picturesque mansion of Conway Shipley, Esq. Otterbourne church, dedicated to St. Matthew, is situated at the bottom of the hill on the left, within a churchyard tastefully planted with many rare shrubs and trees. The churchyard is securely fenced by a low flint wall, on the top of which, on the side towards the road, is an excellent holly hedge, which was raised from the berries used in the decoration of the church on the first Christmas after its consecration. At the north-east corner of the churchyard is situated the boys' school room, the doorway of which (*see engraving*) is formed from the south doorway of the *old* church. But the principal object of attraction in this pretty churchyard is the monumental Cross, erected to the revered memory of the late Rector, the Author of *The Christian Year*. This Cross, which is of solid Devonshire granite and was the work of an Exeter stone mason named Easton, stands upon three massive granite steps of an octagon shape, which rest upon a firm foundation of concrete. On the middle step is the following inscription:—

1866, JOHN KEBLE, 30 YEARS RECTOR OF THIS PARISH.

The height of the Cross with its base is about nine feet, and its weight five tons and a half. It was erected, chiefly at the expense of the parishioners, on All Saints' day, 1866, at a cost of £48.

Having duly inspected this monumental cross, and other interesting monuments near to it, the visitor will enter the church by the south door, and will notice just before him the font, which contains within it, as a lining, the marble font which a former Clerk had presented to the *old* church.



MONUMENTAL CROSS IN OTTERBOURNE CHURCHYARD.

The altar-rails require careful observation; they consist of beautiful ancient carved oak, procured in Wardour street, London, by the late W. C. Yonge, Esq., and represent, as has been supposed, the coronation of Charles V,—the order of the golden fleece being noticeable, and the figures being of Flemish character. A portion of the same carving has been used in the construction of the altar. The whole seems to have originally formed part of

a rhood screen in a Flemish church. It was carefully repaired by a carver of figure heads at Portsmouth, who restored the portions which had been defaced or destroyed.

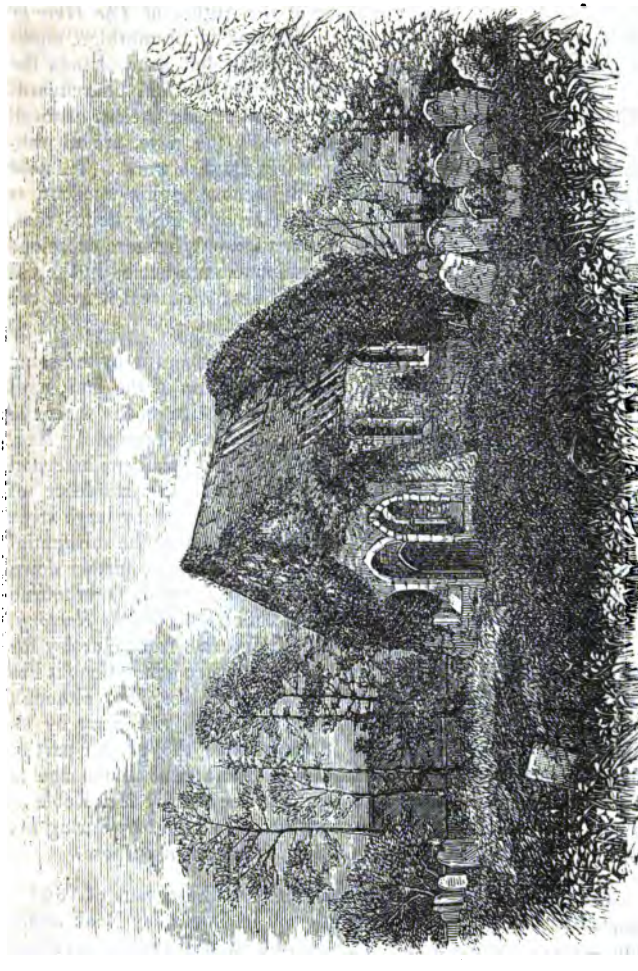
The illuminated painting of the Commandments, Creed, and texts around the altar is remarkably good. It was the work of a lady, since deceased, who, bestowing great pains upon it, very skilfully executed it chiefly at a time when such work was little understood or thought about in this country. The texts were chosen by Mr. Keble.

The pulpit next claims attention, the panels being ornamented with ancient oak carving, representing the Virgin and Child, and four Latin fathers, etc. The poppy heads at the ends of the seats were carved at Portsmouth, in imitation of some at Malmsbury Abbey.

There are several painted windows in this church, erected chiefly as memorials of different members of the Yonge family. The east window contains a representation of the Crucifixion in a small medallion in the form of a *vesica pisces*, around which are the symbols of the four Evangelists. The window at the end of the south transept was erected to the memory of a nephew of the late Mr. Yonge, and represents certain events connected with the early life of our Lord, including the Annunciation, Nativity, appearance of the Angels to the Shepherds, Adoration of the Magi, Flight into Egypt, and Disputation with the Doctors in the Temple, these subjects having been selected by Mr. Keble. The glass of these two windows was painted by Mr. Evans, Shrewsbury, some of whose work is also to be seen in the College chapel at Winchester. The stonework of the windows is copied from those in the hall at St. Cross.

The foundation stone of this Church was laid on Tuesday in Whitsun week, May 16, 1837, by Julian Bargus Yonge, Esq., the only son of the late William Crawley Yonge, Esq., who was the amateur architect of this building, as he was also of the church at Ampfield. With much zeal and energy Mr. Yonge threw his talented and active mind into the work of church building in these two places, so that by his exertions both churches are far in advance, in correctness of design and architectural beauty, of almost any others which were built at that period.

Otterbourne Church was consecrated on the 30th July, 1839. It was built by subscription at a cost of £3,500, on land presented



CHANCEL OF THE OLD CHURCH AT OTTERBOURNE.

by Magdalen College, Oxford (the lords of the manor), and will hold 428 persons. Nearly opposite to the church stands a neat and comfortable house called Elderfield, which belongs to and has

for several years been the home of the Author of *The Heir of Redcliffe*. Close to this house is the road to Brambridge, about a quarter of a mile along which, on the left hand, stands the chancel of *old* Otterbourne Church within the old churchyard. The three narrow arches at the west end of this ancient chancel, by which it used to be connected with the nave, are all well-proportioned specimens of plain Early English work. This old building, which is represented in the accompanying woodcut, is protected from the ravages of the weather by a high-pitched roof, covered with plain tiles, but it is now used only on rare occasions for the funeral service of such persons as are buried in the old churchyard. The high trees around nearly conceal it from the road.

The visitor, returning to the village of Otterbourne by the same road, will, on turning to the right at the top of the lane, pass through the length of the village, and may notice on the right the girls' schoolroom, a slated building which was erected by Mrs. Bargus, a lady who owned that property which has been inherited by the Yonges. Just below this stands the residence of J. B. Yonge, Esq., a substantial house sheltered by large trees and shrubs, but partially visible from the road over the substantial flint and brick wall which is in front of it. A little further down the village, on the opposite side of the road, stands Otterbourne Parsonage, which perhaps ought to be called Otterbourne *Rectory*, for Otterbourne is an ancient parish separate from Hursley for civil purposes, though by the iniquity of former generations it has lost its independence for ecclesiastical purposes, and, although still a Rectory, has *practically* become simply a Curacy by its annexation to Hursley, while it contributes the greater part of his income to the Vicar of Hursley. Otterbourne Parsonage is a very picturesque building, which was erected by Mr. Keble at a cost of about £1,500, most of which he had laid by during his Oxford career with the idea of using it for such a purpose.

The parish of Otterbourne contained at the census of 1861 a population of 573. It is mentioned in Domesday Book under the name of "Otreburne." Just beyond the east end of the village there is a lane leading to Hursley through the outlying hamlets of Silkstead and Binstead. The distance by this road from Hursley is about three miles. A part of this lane has been designated by the name of "King's Lane," from the tradition of

the dead body of King William Rufus having been conveyed by this route from Stoney Cross, where he was killed, to Winchester Cathedral, where he was buried. There is, however, another lane at the west end of the parish, which claims the same name for the same reason.



THE Visitor wishing to return to Winchester from Otterbourne, will take the high road which was formerly the famous route for coaches from Southampton to London, and at about a mile and a half from Otterbourne, he will pass the village of Compton, leaving the old Norman Church of that place on the left, and Twyford about a mile to the right. Thence another ascent and another descent will bring him to St. Cross. He will notice on the road the fine distant view of the south front of the Royal Hants County Hospital, and the County Prison on the top of the hill on the left. The tower of the Cathedral and College are slightly to the right, and the spire of St. Thomas church is in a direct line with the road. The tower of St. Cross is imperfectly seen standing amongst the trees immediately in front of the Cathedral tower. St. Catherine's will also be noticed shewing out boldly above St. Cross on the right.

At this point the Hursley guide will bid farewell to the visitor, leaving him to refresh himself with bread and beer, according to ancient custom, within the far-famed precincts of the Hospital of St. Cross, and to enjoy the treat of visiting that celebrated record of the piety of bygone ages.

May thoughts of the holy life of the Author of *The Christian Year* be impressed on the minds of those who have visited his home, his parishes, and his churches, and may these thoughts be aids to them in their search after heavenly things.

"Voice of the meekest man!
Now, while the church for combat arms,
Calmly do thou confirm her awful ban;
Thy words to her be conquering, soothing charms."



Reminiscences of Winchester,

BY

CHRISTOPHER WOOD.

The Cathedral.

WHEN in the morning air
A Sabbath stillness reigns,
And all below is bright and fair
With sunlight over hills and plains,
Come from the walled town,
And climb the slope of some soft down
That looks on Itchen's valley green,
Where the thousand rills are seen
That wind, a many-sparkling train,
With their bright queen to the main,
By many a bower, and many a grove,
Which Venusia's bard might love—
Mount ye till on every side
The thin-clad hills spread far and wide
To where the green melts into blue,
And earth and heaven recede from view:
There pause awhile, and look ye down
On the old grey Saxon town.
How nobly from the churchyard grove
Rise the Cathedral walls above
The regal city! Many an age
Hath stamped on them a deathless page.
Listen to the deep-toned bell
That from the massive tower doth swell
In ever-widening waves of sound,
Hill, plain, and valley floating round.
Its tongue of adamant, so loud
Rising above the lesser crowd,
That in small groups from every tower
Their brazen notes in concert shower,
Speaks to the mind of days long fled,
And with the living links the dead;

Whom living oft that solemn voice
Hath bade to sorrow or rejoice;
Pealing on through endless days,
In lamentation, prayer, or praise.
From that far-sounding tower upspring
The loudest notes that heavenward sing
In the great concert which doth rise
From happy earth to boundless skies;
O'er hill and valley far away
Softly they mingle with the lay
Of thrush and merle in sheltering grove,
And lark in breezy fields above,
And with the wandering wind that weaves
Light music in the rustling leaves,
And with the dreamy waterfall.
But the loud tower is heard o'er all,
And with a solemn grandeur fills
The amphitheatre of hills,
Where Winton lies embosomed deep—
And Itchen loves its shade to keep
In her clear mirror, till the grey
Horizon steals it slow away.
The traveller pauses on the hill,
And gazes long, nor has his fill
Of admiration: on he fares,
And in his mental vision bears
The image of that tower of ages,
And the dim past his thought engages
In pleasing revery. But the hour
Of twilight mostly aids the power
Of fancy o'er the dreaming mind.
Then, if your thoughts the leisure find,
Seek ye the venerable pile,
And in the broad nave stand, the while
Creep slowly in the shades of night,
And faint and fainter streams the light
Through the west window's coloured pane,
Which seems in richest hues to stain
The pillars high and ample floor.
Then let your musing eye run o'er
The beauty and the power that lives
Around, to which the dim light gives
A grander, loftier aspect—then
The buried past may breathe again,
And in the deepening gloom of night,
A ruder pile meets fancy's sight,
And war-cries of the conquering Dane
Strike terror through the holy fane;
And rushing feet, and shrieks of woe,
And prayers to the unsparing foe
Are heard, and prayers to heaven—In vain:
The demon-rout rush in amain,
And groans of dying men resound,
And monk and priest lie slaughtered round.
Then shouts of fiendish triumph tear

The sacred roof. But soon a fair
And noble structure o'er the scene
Of carnage rises—Walkelin
Hath built his massy Norman tower;
The priesthood reign in pomp and power,
And in a gay procession bear
The image of their patron, dear
Saint Swithun, to his ancient shrine.
And now in proud succession shine
The holy prelates—calmer years
Succeed: the noble Wykeham rears
His nave, expanding to the view
Like to a broad-arched avenue
Of elm or oak stupendous, while
The window vast pours down the aisle
Such golden-hued and gem-like gleams
As sunlight through a deep wood streams.
Lo! the wise prelate doth appear
In pomp and state, and all revere
The priest, the pious man no less;
The lowly on his footsteps press
To touch his garment if they may,
And high and low for him do pray;
Oft the meek-hearted priest alone
Kneeleth upon the altar-stone,
Within his Lady chapel, there
To pour his fervent soul in prayer
For all men, but more oft for those
For whom his princely bounty flows
Exhaustless. Hark! strange words of ire
Startle the echoes of the choir
With Bible texts uncouthly blended,
And holy rites are to be mended
By mailed priests, the gun-and-sword
Expounders of the gospel-word.
Yet scarce can their brief rage deface
The beauties of the hallowed place,
Or trouble Wykeham's calm repose
Near tombs which royal dust enclose:
There Christian hearts revere him still;
Nor will his glory cease to fill
That vast and venerable pile,
The noblest of our Saxon isle.



William of Wykeham.

Who loves not thee, Wykeham? Thy cherished name
Is like a symbol of mild charity,
And holiness, and wisdom—in thy fame
Glories old Winton, who once sheltered thee,
A lorn and nameless child of poverty,
And was the foster-parent of thy mind.

High-placed and powerful 'twas thy lot to be;
Yet filial fondness did thee ever bind
To those grey walls which to thy earliest years were kind.

Oft as thy sterner duties would remit,
And from grave cares of state thy thought was free,
No purer joy thou knewest than to sit
Apart, and soothe thee with the memory
Of the dear spot where learning dawned on thee;
And ask thy heart, o'erjoyed to have the power,
How to thy Winton thou should'st grateful be:
Saint Mary's College rose—its graceful tower
Makes Winton proud, rejoicing in her princely dower.

To thee could love and admiration rear
Than this fair dome a nobler monument,
Wherein thy genius and thy worth appear?
Or that broad nave to which thy fancy lent
What human inspiration could invent
Of stateliness and beauty? Till the day
When Winton's massy minster-tower, time rent,
To its last stone hath crumbled to decay,
Thy stainless glory, Wykeham, shall not pass away.

Thy Saxon city far outgrows her walls,
And busier crowds her lengthening streets do throng,
And the hoarse voice of steam loud roaring calls
Her citizens' life's widening streams along.
Still to thy gentle spirit do belong.
The spots where thou didst live thy earthly span;
And he who, musing, roams these haunts among
Will still meet thee, and read, if read he can,
The lesson thy life taught, that "Manners maketh man."

The Tomb of William of Wykeham.

Beneath his own majestic nave he lies
In joyous hope, waiting the final call,
Which shall award to him the immortal prize

For his good deeds upon our earthly ball.
On the pale marble that enwraps his bones
Warmly the sun's meridian rays do fall,

And the loud pealing organ's solemn tones
Soothe his meek spirit in its lonely rest.
Each Sabbath morn near him the hallowed stones

With the light tread of youthful forms are pressed,
Threading the stately aisle, the pupils, they
Of his own venerable school, where blessed,

And honoured is his noble name for aye.
Oft, when they pass, a youth will turn aside,
His founder's sacred chantry to survey

With pious reverence and deep filial pride.
And many, whom such father would be proud
To own, have paused and gazed, on the long tide

Of ages borne. There Otway often bowed,
In pensive awe, before he went his way
To fame and misery. He who endowed

His country's lyre with notes that call away
The soul from Earth to Heaven, sad thoughtful Young,
Hath pondered o'er that tomb. There too the gay

Somerville, for a musing hour, hath hung
Admiring; and the gentle bard who mourned
O'er Thompson's grave,* there dreamed. But he who sung

Saint Catherine's Mount in classic numbers, turned
Oftenest to that grave, Winton's own bard,
The learned Warton.—Many more who earned

Renown in the wide world, with meek regard
To the wise prelate, have their tribute paid.
And long will gratitude and reverence guard

The holy spot in which his bones are laid;
And where his gentle spirit soars above
The cold dull marble, and hath worthier made

Souls worthy—inspiring them with earnest love
Of humankind. His ardent charity
Lives in old Winton's heart. Still may it prove

Her virtue through the bright days yet to be!

* Collins.

The City Cross.

Was it blind bigot zeal that half enclosed
This holy Cross, grey witness of the past,
Beneath those envious houses, whose bent brows
With puritanic grimness frown on it,
Hiding its beauty from the mid-day sun?
When the stern mansions totter to their base
Rebuild them not, Wintonians! let a spark
Possess you of that noble fire that once
Foiled antiquarian Dummer* of his prize,

* Gratitude is due, not only from antiquaries, but also from the citizens at large, and will continue to be due from posterity, to those spirited individuals, who, when the Cross was clandestinely sold to the late Mr. Dummer, and scaffolds were erected to take it down, in order to remove it to the grounds at Cranbury, rose in defence of this their ancient monument, and effectually preserved it for the honour and ornament of their city.—Milner, *History of Winchester*.

And kept inviolate your royal city.
Widen the public way, that so the Cross
May boldly rear its light and graceful form
Full in the general gaze. But he who loves
To haunt the places where the historic muse
Pores fondly on the relics of old time
Will shun the glare of day, and view yon Cross
Alone and silently. When in deep night
The city lies in slumber, 'tis the hour
To hold communion with the past, to live
Grey landmark of forgotten time, with thee
As thou wert in thy youth—then in the mart
Of work-day traffic, 'mid the busy crowd
Thou stood'st, a sacred monitor to man;
A warning that the watchful eye of Heaven
Was ever bent on him, and saw his deeds,
Nor deeds alone, but every inmost thought,
That so might truth and honour still prevail
In all his dealings—Weary wayfarers
And pilgrims on thy steps would rest, and breathe
A passing prayer; then wend, with courage new,
There toilsome way.—A holy spot wert thou
In the mid-city, where at every hour
World-busy men communion held with Heaven.

Ages have rolled, and thou, time-honoured Cross,
No longer saw'st the multitude—blind zeal
Hath overthrown three statues of thy saints;
Yet one, St. Lawrence, holding the noble palm
Of martyrdom, in Gothic niche enshrined
Thou bearest, emblem of faith and constancy:
But pilgrims call upon his name no more.
Now on thy steps, old Cross, blithe children play
Their merry gambols; aged sires there rest
Their weary limbs, and in the joyous scene
Find antidotes for grief; there pauses oft
The antiquary full of curious lore,
Musing on every stone; the tourist there
Will stop, guide-book in hand, admiring much
Each airy arch and taper pinnacle.
There the rich townsman, in the mellow fall
Of age, from the world's harsher duties free,
And vexed with none but magisterial cares
Pacing his much loved city, will indulge
Short converse with the aged grateful poor,
And a gay laugh with prattling infancy:
Then view with pride his City's antique Cross,
And meditate upon the flow of time.

Long may'st thou stand, old Cross—no useless pile
Art thou, by vanity preserved to please
The curious sight; for in thy sculptured stone
The spirit of the men of other times
Yet breathes for us their children; and thy saint
Looks from his ancient throne of martyrdom,
A proud example unto future days.

Long may'st thou stand, old Cross, and may the saint
Still teach his lesson unto young and old:
Firm faith and love of truth, that fears not death,
Greatness and power to men and nations give.



King Arthur's Round Table.

ONE dark night of December, when the wind blew loud and cold,
As I stood musing on the past by Winton's castle hall,
Or did I dream, or truly see, an old man, very old,
A man or sprite, who seemed to come from out the castle wall?

The wind so loud and keen shook his beard and hoary hair,
And, with voice that sounded hollow through the cold and stormy night,
He said, "Lo, I am Merlin, come to breathe the vital air,
"And in his land to meet my king: this realm is his by right.

"At midnight once an age in this hall king Arthur meets
"His own true knights, a joyous host; and sudden from the wall
"Down swings the huge round table, and the knights are in their seats,
"And till the early peep of dawn with wassail rings the hall.

"A hundred years have brought our time of feasting back again.
"They come! the four and twenty knights, the flower of Chivalry!
"Among them are the deathless twelve, the noblest born of men
"For wisdom, war, love, eloquence—they range them three by three.

"First Cynon, Aron, Lyare, gravest heads with wisdom fraught;
"Then Owaine, Cadur, Gerant, these all warriors rank above;
"Next Gawaine, Drydas, Lolud, free in speech, and high in thought;
"Then Caslawn, Cradoc, Tristan, these the truest knights of love.

"Brave Arthur and his twenty-four sit round the festive board;
"And by the magic of my wand from every land I bring,
"Costly fare and richest wine to grace the table of my lord,
"And a menial train from Faery-Land to wait upon their king.

"And over all a hundred lamps light up the royal cheer,
"And tales are told of war and love, and mead-cups circle round:
"They drink to Britain's old renown, the land that knew no peer,
"And shouts of joy from walls and roof in deafening peals rebound.

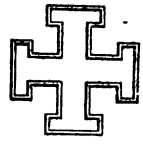
"Then by the magic of my wand a minstrel-train come forth,
"And sing the glories of the land, and how our empire rose,
"With deeds of all its mighty kings and knights of wondrous worth,
"And how they bravely struggled long against their Saxon foes.

"And then amidst the hall I stand, and speak the voice of doom,
"And tell how in that far-off time when round our earthly ball
"Will be one mighty commonwealth; high glory then shall come
"For Britain's proud posterity among the nations all.

"Then shouts of joy again from walls and vaulted roof rebound—
"Mirth reigns till morn—but hark! midnight tolls from all the towers—
"I go—thou, Saxon, follow not, or perils hem thee round,
"Thy trespass will be death!—To-night the spirit-world is ours!"

The old man waved a stern farewell, and through the castle wall
Ghost-like he seemed to glide, and for a moment all was still—
Then with sudden gleams of light blazed the windows of the hall,
And sounds of feast and merriment the castle seemed to fill.

Chained to earth as by a spell through that long December night,
I listened to the festive din, the shouts and laughter gay;
And many a knightly voice arose in wild and fierce delight,
Till all the joyous clamour in the grey dawn died away.



Saint Cross.

AN ECLOGUE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A VISITOR, AN INHABITANT, AND THE PORTER OF SAINT CROSS.

VISITOR.

Near twenty years have fled since last I stood
On this same spot, and listened to the stream
Of yonder mill, that makes sweet melody
With the inconstant breathing of the wind—
Budd's mill we striplings called it.

INHABITANT.

The old mill
Is Budd's unto this day.

VISITOR.

Man's lightest works
Are less the sport of chance and change than he.
That mill, like an old man with age grown double,
Stooped when I was a boy as now it stoops,
And may, with plashing stream and willow bough,
Long woo the artist's eye when I am dead.

INHABITANT.

Truly it may.

VISITOR.

With what a deepfelt joy
I look on nature's works, which have no date!
It brings life's golden dawn unto my heart,
And tears into these eyes, when thus I pore
Upon this runlet's lucid depths, which oft
I pored on when a child—this very stream,
I well remember it.—I feel such joy
As when I look into the deep clear gaze
Of a bright eye of childhood.—The child dies,

Or fades into the man—this brook pours on
Through endless time its charitable wave,
To fertilise yon meadows.

INHABITANT.

Even thus
Sweet streams of human charity will flow
For ages, in their native purity.—
Look at yon archway, which the hand of time
Has touched but to adorn—the well-head there
Which from king Stephen's brother, good De Blois,
Took rise, flows yet—The houseless wanderer,
Footsore and famished, no sleek menial finds
To spurn him from that gate: the brother there
Welcomes each outcast of the churlish world,
And for his hunger carves the wheaten loaf,
And fills the goblet to his thirsting lip;
Then speeds him on his way with friendly speech,
Kind words, whose every tone is charity;
And with a lighter heart and nimbler step
The poor man journeys on. The swallow knows
And cherishes the dome; for he fears not
Each spring to build his clayey tenement
Even in the hospitable porch.—Heaven wraps
These quiet walls in a sweet atmosphere
Of peace and love. Pass we beneath the Lodge.
See where, with silver cross upon his breast,
The porter stands—Good morning, my kind friend.

PORTER.

Good morning—will the stranger taste our ale?

VISITOR.

Although no toil-worn houseless vagrant I,
Good Sir, you proffered hospitality
I will accept; and fear not lest I drain
A cup that should be held to thirstier lips.

PORTER.

That were an idle fear—enough have we—
No vagrant at this gate e'er knocks in vain.
Will you partake our bread?

VISITOR.

Most gladly, Sir—
A not unsavoury fare for those whom want
Constrains to fasting and dire labour.

INHABITANT.

Aye,
Or for much daintier appetites.

VISITOR.

Farewell,
Kind Porter.

PORTER.

Gentlemen, God bless you both.

INHABITANT.

Here is the court.

VISITOR.

What perfume the soft air
In every gentle undulation brings!

INHABITANT.

How sweetly in each nook of these blest walls
'Mid flowers and foliage the warm sunbeams nestle!

VISITOR.

The fresh green sward and trees of various growth,
Which planted seem where they should most adorn,
Harmonise well with the grey masonry;
And the whole scene a beauteous calm pervades
That woos the soul to pleasing serious thought;
While the church-tower, with venerable grace,
Lifts from low cares the willing mind to Heaven.
In such retreat 'twere happiness to dwell.

INHABITANT.

Many have shared that happiness since first
This gift of godlike charity became
A blessing through all time; and worthier none
Than he who now is crossing from his cell
To yonder gate. Misfortunes manifold
Pursued him through a life devoted all
To public good. Many the cruel shafts
That in the dark pale envy hurled at him—
He came to ruin. Yet some grateful hearts
Forsook him not in his extremity.
These gates soon opened to him; and he came
To share the bounty of De Blois, and dwell
With the great spirits of the mighty dead,
Wykeham, De Campden, Beaufort, and the rest
Who with the founder shared the pious work.—
And he is worthy of such company:
He hath a nature kindred unto theirs.
Not idly flow his hours in this retreat.
Although no more, as in his prosperous days,
He walks an actor on the bustling stage
Of human life, his mind is active still,
And from the bosom of deep contemplation
His thoughts find channels to flow far and wide
On the broad highways of the world, to instruct
And elevate and moralise his kind.

VISITOR.

One charitable deed is father still
To many more—'Tis by the fruitful gift
Of wise De Blois, this man can dedicate
His noble powers to good; and thus through time
The streams of wisdom and of charity
Are ever fed, still widening as they flow,
Even as your Itchen, whose translucent wave
In narrow bed these venerable walls

Now sweetly laves; then, widening through the vale,
Far down a broad and ample water rolls
Into the friendly Solent.—May De Blois
Be cherished here till Itchen cease to flow!
Now shall we stray through these delightful meads?



The Deanery.

That ivied mansion, where the reverend Dean
Of Winchester resides, did once belong
To Prior Alexander, who, between
The hours of sacred duty, loved a song.
A bishop sat with him one festive day,
While minstrel Herbert sang this warlike lay.

Saxons! the Dane is at the gate!
Lo, Athelstan, your monarch calls,—
They rush to oppose impending fate,
And drive the spoilers from the walls.
Old Winton's battlements are strong,
And stout hearts may defend them long.

For many a day, in battle dread,
The Northman poured his blood in vain,
Till, sickening of the strife, he said:
"Let one brave Saxon with one Dane
"His prowess prove—the victor's sword
"Shall to his king the palm award."

There was a warrior, Colbrand hight,
Among the Danes, of lion limb,
And of a more than human height:
To be their champion chose they him;
Deeming no Saxon in the land
Could such a mighty foe withstand.

Fain was the king the strife to end
With victory at a single blow,
But he no warrior durst to send
Against the giant Danish foe:
And while no champion did appear,
The Danes ceased not to scoff and jeer.

Much grieved the king that brave Sir Guy
Had journeyed unto Holy Land,
For well might he that Dane defy;
None could his vigorous arm withstand.
Sad went the king that night to bed,
But by a dream was comforted.

He heard a voice of angel say:
"Rise, King, and seek the eastern gate;
"There shalt thou meet a palmer grey,
"To him entrust thy country's fate."
Up rose the king, and, long ere dawn,
Unto the eastern gate was gone.

Who yonder in the glimmering light,
In palmer's weeds draws slowly nigh?
The king is mad with wild delight;
He welcomes home his faithful Guy.
Soon enter they the city gates,
And the glad king the war relates.

Said Guy: "Though toil hath wasted sore
"These limbs, and from each earthly thing
"My thoughts detached all heavenward soar,
"Yet for my country and my king,
"I will engage this holy fight:
"God speed me as my cause is right."

From his long labours rested he,
For glittering mail he changed his weeds,
And showed, in warlike panoply,
Like one long used to knightly deeds.
Nor was the gallant champion slow
To send his challenge to the foe.

Then said the king: "To front this Dane
"Take thou the sword of Constantine,
"And the good spear of Charlemagne,
"Shall in this holy fight be thine;
"May Heaven direct both spear and sword
"To rid us of this savage horde!"

On Athelstan's best steed the knight
Rode forth to meet his foeman grim,
And anxious crowds to view the fight,
Of gallant Saxons followed him,
And priest, and sire, and lady fair,
Breathed for him many an ardent prayer.

Upon a steed that panted sore
Came the huge Colbrand to the field;
A ponderous battle-axe he bore,
That, save himself, no man could wield.
Sneering he cried, "And art thou he
"That fears not to encounter me?"

"My sword shall answer," Guy replied.
The trumpets blew—he struck amain
His spurs into his courser's side.—
God speed thee lance of Charlemagne!...
Dire was the shock, but vain the stroke,
The spear in thousand splinters broke

On Colbrand's shield—with treble might,
The furious Dane his axe then raised,
Deeming that blow would end the fight.
Guy's helm the weapon lightly grazed,
But laid the king's proud courser dead,
A bleeding trunk, with severed head.

The Danes loud shouted—Colbrand threw
Aside his axe, and seized a mace
Of spiked iron, and Guy drew
His sword, with that and shield to face
His giant foe.—May power divine
Assist the sword of Constantine!

Then not a breath was heard around
As the mace fell with thunder stroke;
Though Guy escaped it with light bound,
His shield it all to fragments broke.
Loud yelled their joy the Danish host,
And all the Saxons' hope was lost.

Yet Guy eluding every blow,
Still with his sword the giant stung,
Till, foaming with fierce ire, the foe
High in the air his weapon swung
With might and main.—With sudden dread
The Saxons deemed their champion dead.

Guy leaped aside, unscathed, the Dane
With the rash force of his fell aim,
Let fall his mace; and, to regain
His ponderous arm, stooped low—Up came
Sir Guy, with light step, and his brand
Cut off the giant Dane's right hand.

And now the Saxons raised a cry
Of triumph, while in blank despair
The Danes were mute. Then cried Sir Guy
To Colbrand: "I thy life will spare
"If thou wilt yield thee to my sword,
"And the Danes own our English lord.

No answer made the wrathful foe,
But with his left hand seized the mace,
And strove to deal another blow,
But strove in vain: scarce could he pace
With reeling step the soil, his strength
Fast ebbing with his blood; at length

Guy, more in pity than in ire,
Pierced to the heart the hapless Dane—
The baffled enemy retire,
And Athelstan in peace may reign.
Then to his royal lord's abode
The brave Sir Guy in triumph rode.

With feast, and merriment, and song,
Old Winton rang for many days.
Admiring crowds from far did throng
To see the hero of all praise,
Who was, for all succeeding time,
Far-famed in chronicle and rhyme.*



* For an account of this celebrated combat, see *Milner's History of Winchester*, vol. 1 chap. vii, page 111.

The Trusty Servant.

VISITOR—CICERONE.

VISITOR.

WHAT is this figure painted on the wall?
Fit subject this for learning's sacred hall!
Is it a learned ass?

CICERONE.

Oh no, Sir, pray
Observe the snout.

VISITOR.

A pig's.

CICERONE.

That is to say
He hath no longing after dainty food,
But likes enough, even of the coarsest.

VISITOR.

Good.
But wherefore hath a pig's head ass's ears?

CICERONE.

It means that, like an ass, the creature bears
All patiently.

VISITOR.

Indeed! then cuffs and blows
He takes as favours?

CICERONE.

Aye.

VISITOR.

Beneath his nose
The padlock shut, chaining his under jaw,
Keeps him from glutting his voracious maw.
Is that its office?

CICERONE.

No. It means that he
May be depended on for secrecy.

VISITOR.

Ah, truly! What a trim garb!

CICERONE.

Which doth mean
That he is orderly, and neat, and clean.

VISITOR.

Good. And his right hand open?

CICERONE.

His good faith
Betokens: you may credit all he saith.

VISITOR.

Good, good. And by the stag's feet what is meant?

CICERONE.

That he runs swiftly when on errands sent.

VISITOR.

Aye, very good. Why doth his left arm wield
Those implements of toil, and bear a shield?

CICERONE.

He is inured to labour, and, with sword
And shield, upon occasion can afford
Protection to his master.

VISITOR.

True—he has
A sword—Then this odd compound of an ass,
And pig, and stag, and man, is meant to show
What a good servant ought to be?

CICERONE.

Right so.

VISITOR.

In my mind a strange ornament to grace
A seat of learning!—Yet not strange—the place
Is not unaptly chosen.—Are not we
All servants? All have duties—none are free.
He who by study hath the knowledge gained
How best to serve, true wisdom hath obtained.

Winchester: Printed by Warren & Son.

Addenda.

NOTE *Page* 14, *first paragraph.*—The two stone coffins with their lids above the pavement, here alluded to, have been removed to the back of the High Altar since this work was in the press.

NOTE *Page* 36.—The Altar-piece by Le Moine has been recently removed, and a Gothic reredos erected in its place through the munificence of Chief Justice Erle, who also presented the candlesticks for the sacred table.

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"*Amid the swelling mounds that told*
Where dust to kindred dust was laid,
Two grassy hillocks side by side
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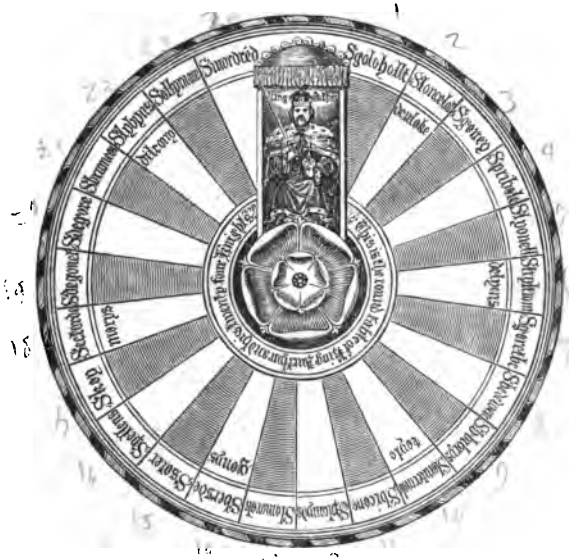
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